VOL. CCXIV, No. 2767

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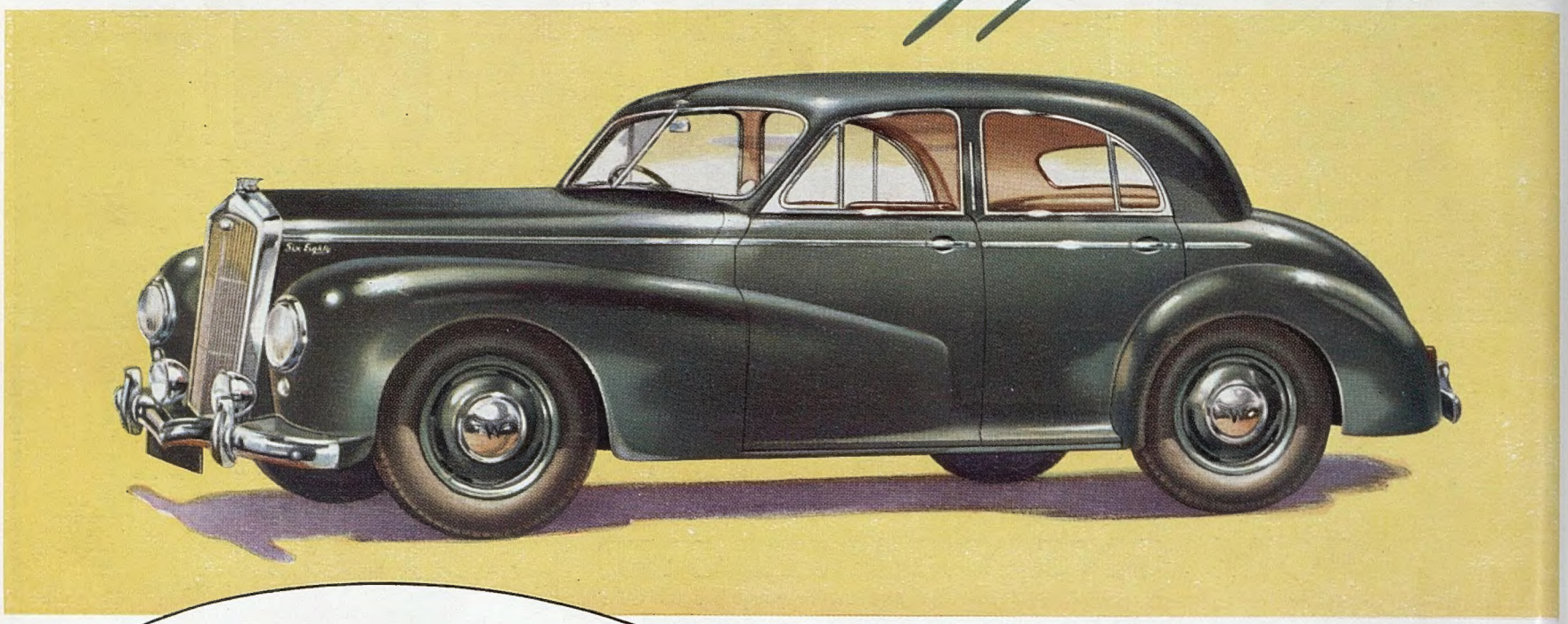

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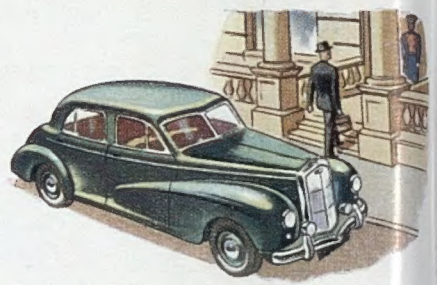

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Volume CCXIV No. 2787 The SPHERE, London, July 11, 1953

The SPHERE
with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

THE ROYAL VISIT TO NORTHERN IRELAND — THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH ARE SERENADED BY THE DRUMS OF THE ORANGEMEN OUTSIDE GOVERNMENT HOUSE, HILLSBOROUGH : These drums, which are beaten with canes, provided a welcome for the Queen and the Duke when they reached Hillsborough at the start of their visit, and during the evening, beaten in relays by the drummers, they continued to sound a welcome which could be heard for miles.

After the Royal visit to Scotland came the Royal visit to Northern Ireland, with once again a fervent welcome for the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh and scenes of rejoicing among the children, which are now part of the familiar pattern of Royal events in this Coronation year. For this visit the Queen and the Duke flew to Aldergrove R.A.F. Station, where they were greeted by a distinguished assembly of people prominent in the life of Northern Ireland. Chief among them was the Governor, Lord Wakehurst, an impressive figure in his official uniform with cocked hat and white plume. From Aldergrove the Queen and the Duke drove through the pleasant countryside of Antrim to Government House, Hillsborough, with the distant hills of Antrim standing clear against the sky in the distance. The first day of the Royal visit concluded with a State dinner-party at Government House. The second day was spent in Belfast, the capital city, where the Queen and the Duke met many of the leaders in Ulster's public life and moved among several thousands of the younger generation at a youth rally. In the Parliament of Northern Ireland at Stormont the Queen received the loyal addresses of Senate and Commons. On the third day came the Royal entry into Londonderry. This entry was made by water, the Queen and the Duke travelling up-river to the Guildhall in H.M.S. *Rocket*. (See also pages 40-41.)

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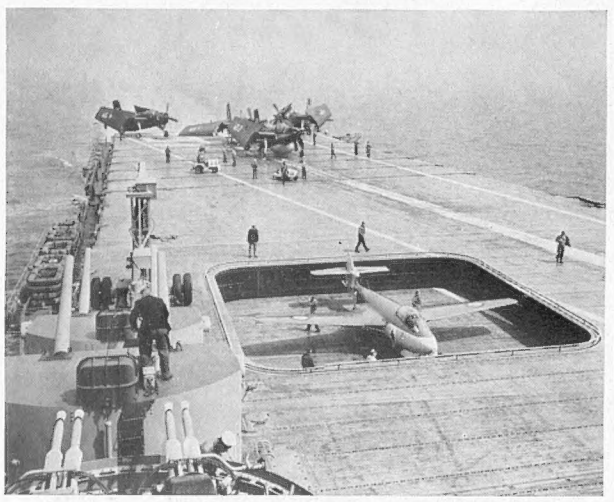
DEMONSTRATING the ANGLED FLIGHT-DECK

AN AMERICAN PANTHER AIRCRAFT TAKES OFF FROM THE ANGLED DECK OF THE UNITED STATES AIRCRAFT-CARRIER "ANTIETAM": The new angled deck, which permits speedier take-offs and landings and which was first tried out on British ships some time ago, was evolved by Captain D. R. F. Campbell, R.N., and Mr. L. Boddington.

The United States aircraft-carrier *Antietam*, named after the Battle of Antietam Creek, fought near Sharpsburg, Maryland, on September 17, 1862, between the Federal Army of the U.S. and the Army of the Confederate States, has been in English waters demonstrating the new angled flight-deck, with both British and American aircraft participating in the exercise. The keel of the *Antietam* was laid in 1943, the ship being commissioned in 1945, just too late to sail west to take part in the Pacific war, for which she had been planned. Then followed a period of service with the Pacific Fleet before being laid up in 1949. Two years later she again entered into service and took part in operations against the North Koreans. In September 1952 the present canted-deck installation was fitted, and at the beginning of this year the ship sailed from New York to begin experimental operations. By installing the angled deck the carrier is able to continue carrying planes on her flight-deck while high-speed aircraft are landing or taking off. The installation on *Antietam* is eight degrees to port of the centre line of the axial flight-deck and is built to allow an 80-ft.-wide landing area. The deck has been widened by the addition of a sponson on the port side aft, and the port deck-edge elevator has been anchored in place to provide for a longer landing area.



AN ANIMATED SCENE ON THE FLIGHT-DECK OF THE "ANTIETAM" IN THE ENGLISH CHANNEL: The position of the canted or angled deck is clearly visible. The carrier displaces 27,100 tons.

COMMEMORATING THE 5,000TH ANGLED DECK LANDING: Lieut.-Commander D. G. Parker, R.N., who made the landing, assists the *Antietam's* Commander, Captain S. G. Mitchell, to cut a celebration cake modelled in the form of the ship.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE."

Orders for subscription to THE SPHERE *for dispatch to addresses at home and overseas can be sent direct to the Subscription Department,* THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2. The rates for 12 months, including Christmas Number, for Great Britain and Eire are £5 16s. 6d.; 6 months and Christmas Number, £3; 6 months without Christmas Number, £2 16s. 6d. For Canada the rates for the same periods are £5 14s., £2 19s. and £2 15s.; and for elsewhere Overseas £5 18s. 6d., £3 1s. 3d. and £2 17s. 6d. The terms are inclusive of postage.*

A London Newslette

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

A Cabinet Shuffle?—No student of politics and no ardent Tory, I yet confess I share the view that a Cabinet shuffle is now most desirable, not as a temporary expedient but as a half-term reorganisation. The truth is there are not enough seeded players in our team to enable us to estimate future possibilities or to judge of our capabilities if Time and Chance, as they do in all human activities, suddenly demand a readjustment of personnel. The Premier is a casualty *pro tem.*; Mr. Eden has long been so, and to pull either back into the arena too soon is mere madness. Who are the next best for the highest offices? One or two are by no means of robust health. One or two more have enhanced their reputations in the past year of good work. It is high time they were shuffled and seeded and given the opportunity to practise in the Centre Court. Few statesmen are indispensable and none is immortal. Those who support the present regime (as I do) are entitled to know, and crave to know, on whom the mantles are planned to fall, should Time and Chance step in. When they do, they usually choose a time of crisis, which leaves no time for experiment and exploration. In war, the Company Commander has his second-in-command to take his place if he become a casualty, and he feeds his deputy with his plans. The rank-and-file know this and are happier for knowing it. I think the rank-and-file should now have a clear idea of who the seeded half-dozen are and a chance to see them practising for the eventuality of promotion, in the most important offices available.

A "Laniel Come to Judgment."—On June 26 France appeared once more to have a Premier. The absurdities of the Fourth Republic's Constitution had been got over after the longest of its innumerable crises or stalemates. A little later than I forecast, the nadir was reached, the Deputies repented, and "in this mood would give us anything." Even M. Laniel, who at least was not tarred with the label of ex-Premier, and even M. Laniel's nostrum, which, compared with his foregoing candidates' nostrums, offered milk and water, and vague, washy stuff at that. The great asset which M. Laniel could make play with was a fine service and "Resistance" record and not much political backhistory. A stocky Norman industrialist with a good war record suggests the right man for the dicky job, even if his programme belied his appearance and career; but nothing but barley-water and *nébule* could have won him acceptance. Perhaps the man at the Quai D'Orsay will be the linch-pin in his Cabinet, but there is much to be done by the whole team before France can stand on her own legs and no longer, as M. Schuman put it in "brave words," remain "habitual beggars living on what we can sponge from America"; and, for the rest, take once more her vital place as one of the Big Three in Western Councils.

The Queue Age.—We have had our Dark Ages, Bronze and Iron and other Ages. Some call the present the Atomic, but very recent weeks suggest the Queue Age as the best descriptive label for our times. I often wonder whether the *same* people are ready to sleep all night and two nights running at the head of the queues in order to see a Queen, a murderer condemned to death and a cricket match. Or do different types of "sensation" attract different natures? I rather doubt it. I fancy that in the Queue Age it matters little whether the "thing to be seen" is a dingy lodging-house where a harlot was murdered, or a palace or a sport arena. In the Queue Age, every man's urge is to *see* everything, to be there on the day and to be as near the centre or front row as may be. Hence the phenomenon that at a time of full employment 20,000 people may be "gaping at the gates" at dawn on a Monday morning. This may not sound economic, but the M.C.C., who raked in about £55,000 in gate-money, will think differently, and so will the Australians. These sentiments were shared by my taxi-driver on the second day of the Lord's Test when he forced his cab, jolt by jolt, up Lisson Grove "as near as he could get" to Lord's. It was an hour before play began. He said: "I wouldn't go through again what I've been through these last weeks for London, not if there was a fortune in taxi-driving." I believed him. There was I, one of many rubber necks, actually in the pavilion well before play began and not a seat to be found in that usually inexhaustible reserve. And how well worth while that rubber necking was—even better than a distant prospect of a murderer. Worth the queueing and the Lord's luncheon facilities and a square foot of space on a dirty step to watch that Homeric struggle.

A Glorious Game of Cricket.—It would be tiresome if, so late in the day, I were lyrical about that Lord's Test match. It would be most ungrateful if I made no sober record, for I enjoyed for five days all its ups and downs, and though I could only spare one day to be at Lord's, any day but the first was full of thrills, and the last all the thrilling. Let me be calm and judicial about it. It was a test of cricket as well as of cricketers. If he after any "foreigner" wonders what we see in the old, slow-motion game, quote him the second Test match, 1953, which revealed the patent and all the secrets. We love it for its glorious uncertainties, its swift transformations from hope to despair and back again, for the moments when *not* to score is more exciting than non-stop boundaries. To us, it is human life in dramatic form wherein "Time and Chance happeneth to them all." I am bored by cricket statistics and "record" partnerships leave me cold; but yet hence men will retell the story of this match to their children and perhaps not bore them with its moral lessons. Let us make no one hero of the match. It was team work on both sides and sportsmanship. Watson was wonderful, but let us share out the praise of that poetically-just draw among Hutton, Graveney, Compton, Watson, Bailey, Brown and Bedser and all. The Australians were a grand side, and I only wish we could hold our catches as they do. And so we have come to No. 3 with all the interest left in the series and a fortune still to be earned for the gate. game, which needs all the money it can rake in.

LONDON SEES A DISPLAY OF SHETLAND KNITWEAR

SHETLAND WEEK IN LONDON—A DEMONSTRATION BY TWO SHETLAND HAND-KNITTERS AT THE DISPLAY OF LOCAL HAND-KNITTED AND HAND-WOVEN GARMENTS AND TWEEDS: The exhibition, staged by nine Shetland firms and held in the offices of the Scottish Council, in Mayfair Place, Piccadilly, W., was opened by Mr. Joseph Grimond, M.P. for Orkney and Shetland. The two hand-knitters seen in this picture, Miss June Laurenson (left) and Miss Jean Williamson, both of Lerwick, gave demonstrations of traditional Shetland knitting during the exhibition at the offices of the Scottish Council and at the office of Scottish Omnibuses Ltd., in Regent Street. Also in the picture are examples of the industry. To-day the quality of the hand-knitted goods from Shetland has reached the highest standard ever known and the future for the industry is perhaps better now than in any other post-war period. Efforts have continued to stabilise quality, design and workmanship. Before the end of the First World War the Shetland Woollen Industries Association Ltd. was formed to protect the industry from unfair competition. Another development took place in 1943, when the hand-knitters formed the Shetland Hand-knitters Association Ltd., with marketing powers. At the moment there is a campaign being waged by the Shetland manufacturers of woollen goods and others to achieve statutory control of the word "Shetland" as applied on textile and woollen goods.

Rhodes Centenary.—The centenary of Rhodes is not one to be neglected, as have been those of other famous Englishmen born in 1853. Religion, for example, is low down in the list of important. True, St. Richard of Chichester has been remembered after seven centuries. Bishop Gore was largely forgotten by London and mostly honoured by Birmingham. But Rhodes is more important—a world statesman, a dreamer of dreams and a planner in a big way, the founder of the Chartered Company and all that implied and produced, the Rhodes scholarship scheme and all it meant to Oxford and the Commonwealth

Rhodes is news still, though long dead, and his scholars are revelling over here and the Queen Mother has flown to Southern Rhodesia to open the Centenary Exhibition. She had already sampled the Comet and found it comfortable. It will make no speed records; it will saunter to and fro, taking twenty hours from start to finish, and the Royal travellers will be home again, the job accomplished, very soon after these lines see print. You can learn a good deal about the character and current values of a nation from studying its interest in its centenary worthies. 1953 produced a mixed bag of giants, freaks and mediocrities and you can never forecast which will capture public interest. Often that interest is whipped up by very few believers or fans or interested parties. Rhodes, no doubt, was a certainty, but perhaps Bradshaw of the Railway Guides will take second place or dispute it with Beerbohm Tree. I cannot believe that Warren of Magdalen can beat them to it, nor any of the second-rate authors listed to make up a centenary holiday.

A Mile in Four Minutes.—Perhaps I may live to hear that a man has run a mile in 3 mins. 59 secs. Why not? I saw Henderson-Hamilton run a mile in 4 mins. 17 secs., and the pundits declared that that was about the best that human legs could achieve. Since then the record has trembled on the edge of 4 mins. I have heard the same confident prophecies made about the limits of machine speeds, trains, cars, planes, and have not had to live long to see them all made nonsense of. But men are always tinkering with machines, and have little time left to tinker with themselves. Why, then, do men continue to lower records of endurance? The mountain climber has the aid of Science. The track runner has Science's aid only obliquely—if that. He is the same man apparently as the ancient Greek athlete, or the old Roman, and in recent years his food has deteriorated. Why, then, do men of our generation out-swim Leander, out-run Ladas, out-jump and out-throw the heroes of the past? Most things have a simple explanation. No one has explained this one to me.

"Believe It Or Not."—The Metropolitan magistrate not long ago gazed at the drunk in the dock and scratched his own puzzled head: "It is a marvellous state of affairs: here is a man not in work drawing public assistance and getting drunk at the expense of the country, and if I fine him, public money pays the fine. Unfortunately, people just don't believe it's going on." Some do. The lay magistrate is well aware of what is going on and sees all the humour there is to see in "fining" a defendant "not in work" for getting drunk or breaking the law in various minor ways open to men who, if technically unfit, are robust enough to ride bicycles at speed, to carry home heavy billets of timber owned by others and to be the generous patron of their local licensee. For some of these Weary Willies, Mr. Justice Muddlecombe sometimes thinks that a more careful scrutiny might precede the grant. Might not such a man pick up on a pronged stick the waste paper left by crowds? Then he could at least get drunk with the satisfaction of having helped to pay for his drinks. One such Weary Willie recently came before our Bench for a minor offence which only a hearty man could have brought off. He did no work at all and what with public assistance and contributions by his elder children in work, £10 a week came into his home. We helped to pay his fine. THE OLD STAGER

A NEW LONDON-PARIS AIR RECORD

THE RECORD-BREAKING PILOT IN THE COCKPIT OF THE SUPERMARINE SWIFT JET FIGHTER: Lieut.-Commander Michael Lithgow, of the Fleet Air Arm, set up the record by flying from London Airport to Le Bourget in 19 mins. 18 secs. at an air speed of 669·2 miles an hour. Later, he returned to London in 19 mins. 14·3 secs.

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

AN ARTIST GOES TO ALBI

Dennis Flanders Records a Visit to the Ancient French Town

PRINCESS MARGARET AND THE QUEEN MOTHER HALT BRIEFLY IN ROME

A BRIEF HALT AT THE START OF THEIR AFRICAN ADVENTURE: Princess Margaret and Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother seen at Ciampino Airport, near Rome, after they had landed in the Comet aircraft which was taking them from London to Southern Rhodesia to attend the Rhodes Centenary celebrations. Princess Margaret and Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother are seen carrying bouquets of flowers which were sent by President Einaudi. The Royal travellers had tea in a specially-decorated salon at the airport before continuing their journey. Later in the day, at Khalde Airport, Beirut, they rested for another halt while the Comet was refuelled, and they arrived at Salisbury on July 1 on a perfect morning which, as one correspondent declared, had the snap and sparkle of early winter. At Salisbury they were met by the Governor of Southern Rhodesia.

THE CONQUERORS OF EVEREST GREETED IN LONDON LAST WEEK

COLONEL HUNT WAVES AN ICE-AXE ALOFT AS HE REACHES LONDON AIRPORT WITH THE MEMBERS OF THE EVEREST TEAM: The Colonel is standing with Hillary on his right hand and arm-in-arm with Tensing, the Sirdar of the Sherpas, who reached the summit of Everest with Hillary. Tensing came to London with his wife and two daughters and his coming was heralded by the start of a challenging series of articles which he has written for a daily newspaper and in which he gives his own personal viewpoint on the expedition, declaring that it fell to him to quell a revolt among the Everest sherpas who were dissatisfied with their treatment by the British expedition in the early days of the march to the mountain. It is estimated that the total of purses and money already presented to Tensing is £7,500. Hillary has been ill since the Everest climb, and while in India he had to take to his bed, suffering from amœbic dysentery. He is planning a lecture tour in Britain to tell people about the Everest adventure, but has turned down offers from America for a highly-rewarding lecture tour. Colonel Hunt, who like Hillary is to be knighted, is also to lecture in Britain about the Everest adventure. **(See also page 67.)**

NORTHERN IRELAND *Greets* THE QUEEN

HIGHLIGHTS OF THE THREE-DAY VISIT HELD TO MARK THE CORONATION YEAR

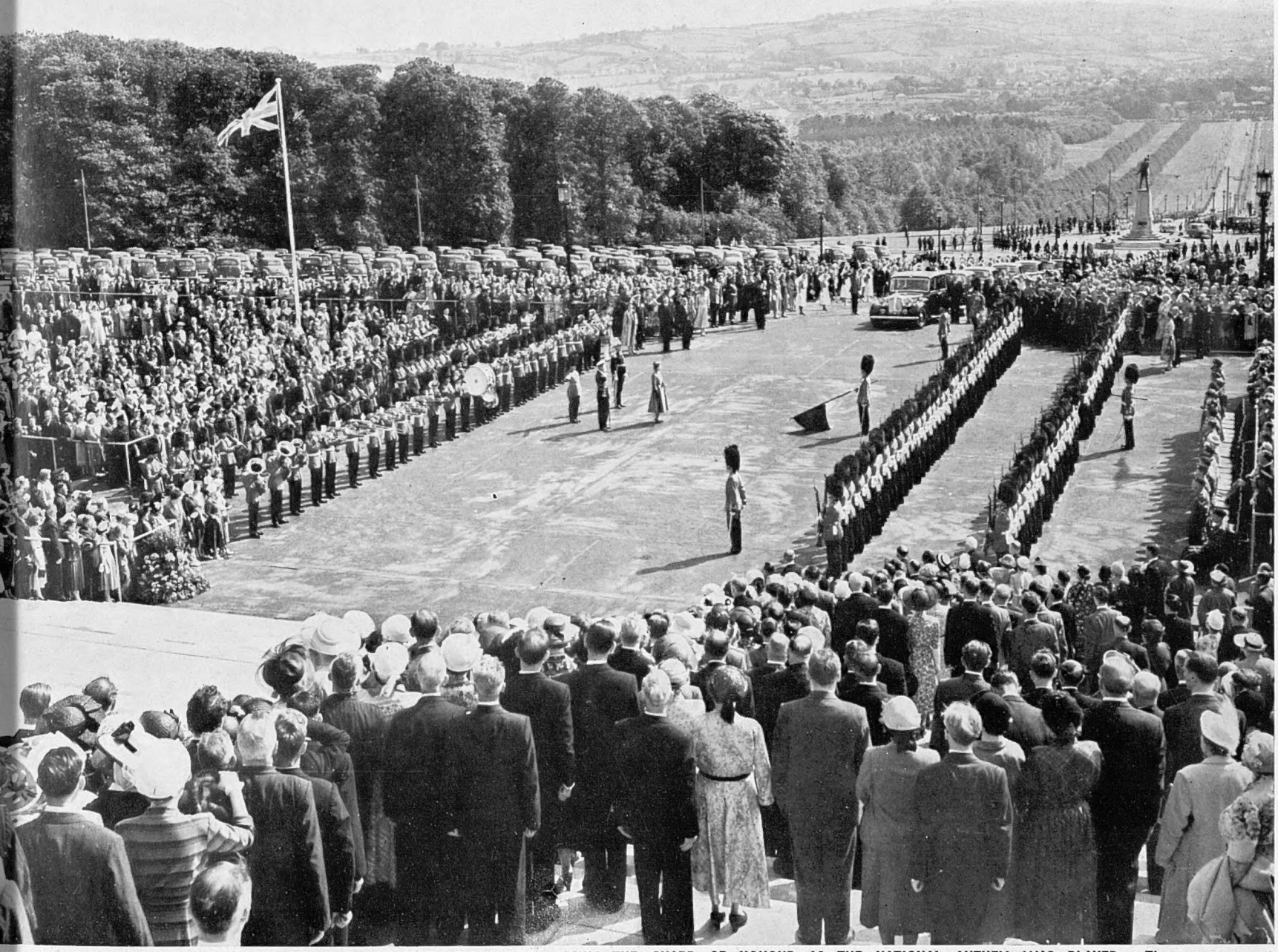
Like King George VI, her father, K George V, her grandfather, and K Edward VII, her great-grandfather, the Qu has been paying Coronation year visits to vari parts of the United Kingdom. In this mod age of flight much can be done to speed th journeys, and Her Majesty's flight to North Ireland in a Viking of the Queen's Fli certainly helped to fit this visit into an exact Coronation year programme. Once arrived Aldergrove the visit took on the pattern all such Royal tours, with every possi opportunity given to the children to see Majesty and the Duke as they took part their various public duties. In Belfast th was a truly fervent welcome for the Queen the Duke, the great popular demonstrat including an assembly of 17,000 schoolchildr At Stormont, the Irish Parliament House, visit took on the dignity of a great State occa as Her Majesty met the two Houses of Par ment in joint session and received the l addresses. The Royal visit ended at Lond derry, where the Queen and the Duke m their entry by water.

The Queen and the Duke returned to Engl by air, this time using the Royal Naval Station at Eglinton, some eight miles fr Londonderry.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE ROYAL VISITORS AT ALDERGROVE R.A.F. STATION AT THE START OF THE THREE-DAY VISIT : The Queen greeting Sir Richard Pim, Inspector-General, Royal Ulster Constabulary, shortly after she had landed with the Duke of Edinburgh. Lord Wakehurst, the Governor of Northern Ireland, is seen standing between the Queen and Sir Richard.

IN THE GREAT HALL OF THE PARLIAMENT HOUSE THE QUEEN MEETS THE TWO HOUSES OF THE NORTHERN IRELAND PARLIAMENT IN JOINT SESSION : Her Majesty is seen su upon the throne, with the Duke of Edinburgh, in the uniform of Admiral of the Fleet, on her left hand. The staircase was lined by Yeomen of the Guard, a picture addition to the Ulster ceremonial scene, brought over from London for this Royal visit. At the head of the staircase were the State trumpeters, also splendidly atti

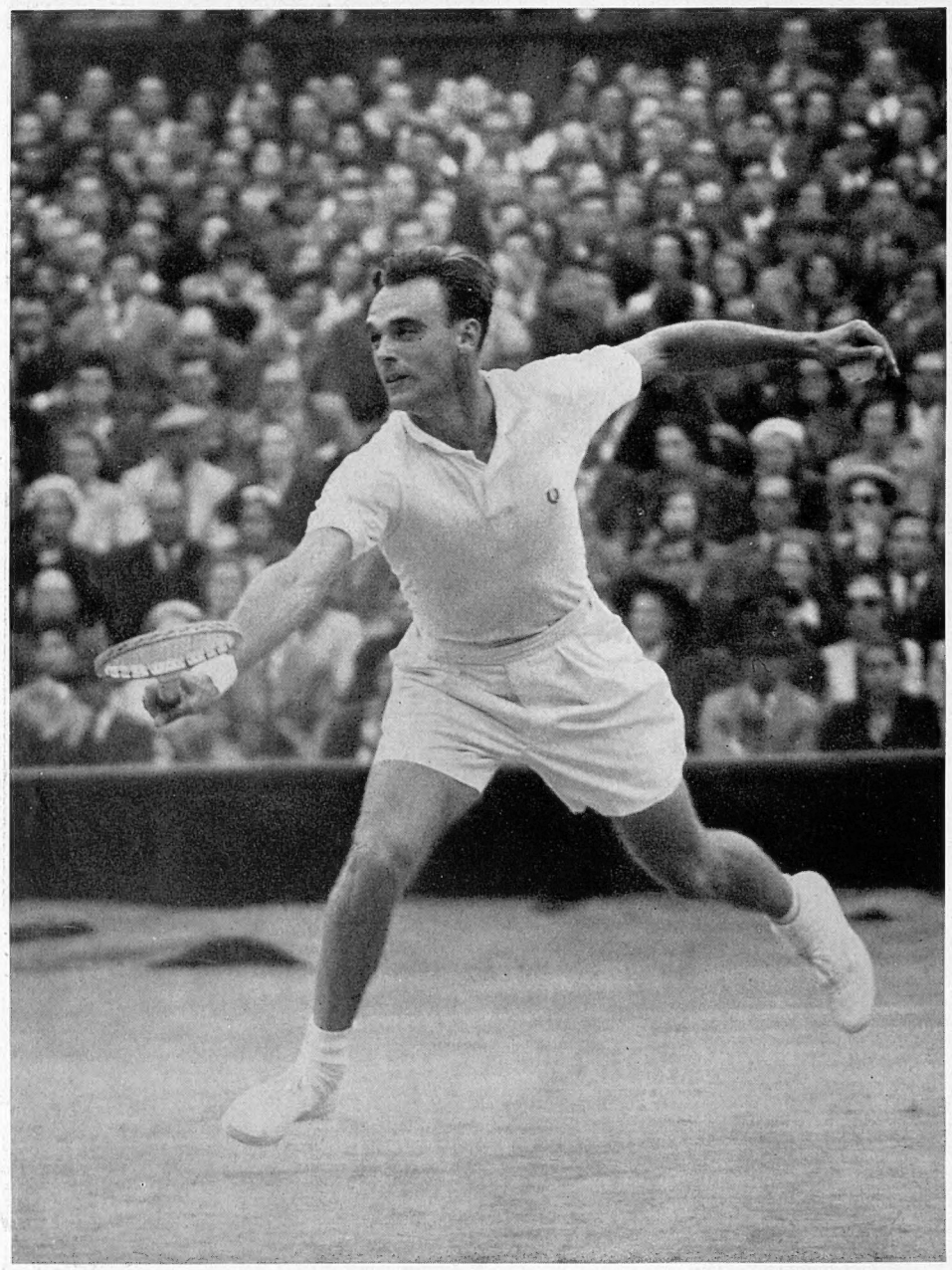
THE QUEEN IN BELFAST AND IN LONDONDERRY: *Left*—A young page boy is seen carrying the train of Lord Alanbrooke as he accompanied the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh into Queen's University, Belfast. At the University the Queen and the Duke shook hands with eighty-nine representatives of public life in Ulster. *Right*—Her Majesty talking with some of the guests beneath the statue of Queen Victoria in the Guildhall at Londonderry. The entry into Londonderry was made by water.



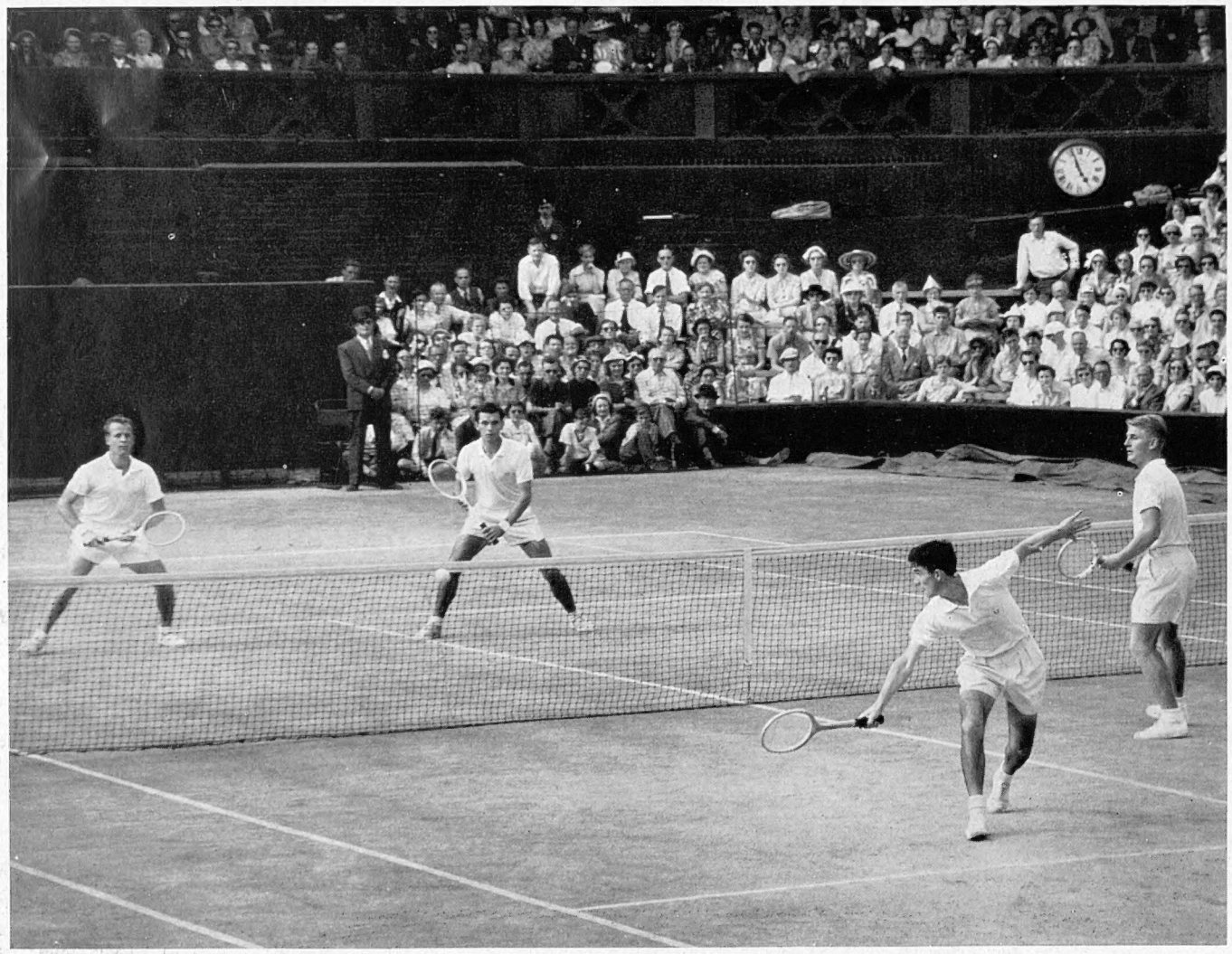
THE QUEEN ARRIVES FOR THE GARDEN PARTY AT STORMONT—HER MAJESTY FACING THE GUARD OF HONOUR AS THE NATIONAL ANTHEM WAS PLAYED: The ceremony at Stormont came at the close of the second day of the Royal visit. There, as the procession of cars entered the spacious and beautiful grounds in which stand the Parliament buildings, a Royal salute of twenty-one guns was fired. Beyond the statue of Edward Carson the Queen inspected a guard of honour from the 1st Battalion Irish Guards, drawn up on the lower terrace, and, then, with the Duke of Edinburgh, mounted the steps to the entrance of the Parliament buildings to be received by the Speaker of the Senate, Sir Roland Nugent, and the Speaker of the House of Commons, Sir Norman Stronge. After that came the presentation of loyal addresses.

WIMBLEDON 1953

The Last Days of the Championships, with America Winning Men's and Women's Singles, but the Young Australians Dominating the Men's Doubles in a Well-Fought Final



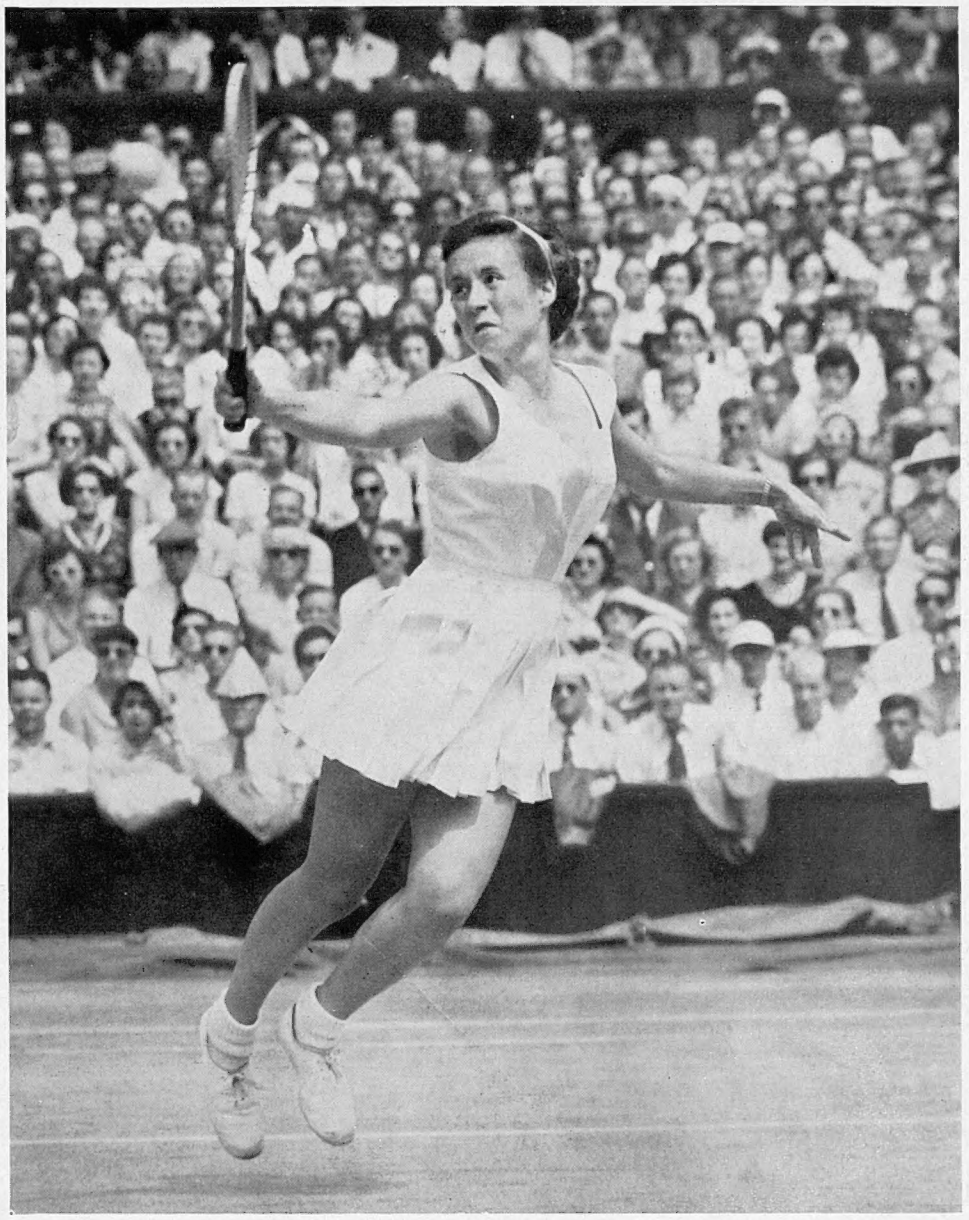
THE FINAL OF THE MEN'S SINGLES AT WIMBLEDON PROVIDES A STIRRING FINISH BETWEEN SEIXAS, OF THE UNITED STATES, AND THE UNSEEDED DANE, K. NIELSEN: Victor Seixas in play during this match in which he played superbly to beat a very game and talented opponent who has already made his name on wood courts and appears to have a great future before him on grass courts. *Right*—The Duchess of Kent standing with Victor Seixas, the new champion, and K. Nielsen after she presented the winner with his trophy. Nielsen was very nearly 5—1 down in the first set, when he staged a fine recovery, and in so doing provided some of the exciting match play seen at Wimbledon since the Drobny-Patty duel of the previous week. Throughout most of the match Nielsen fought an uphill ba

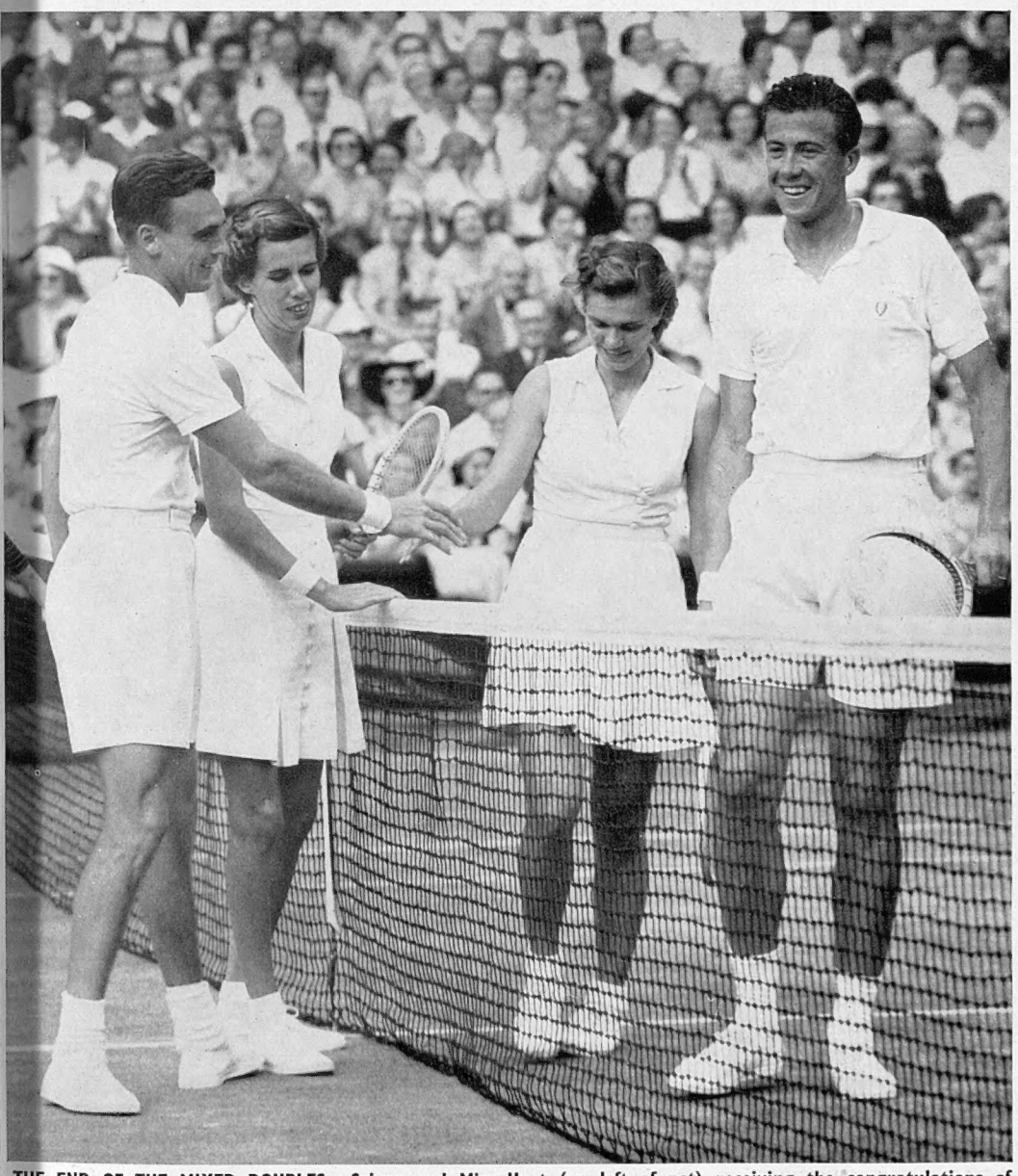


AN ALL-AUSTRALIAN BATTLE—FIGHTING OUT THE MEN'S DOUBLES CHAMPIONSHIP ON THE CENTRE COURT AT WIMBLEDON: Rosewall and Hoad, the winners, are seen in the foreground, facing Hartwig and Rose, and all grouped near the net during a dramatic moment in this match, which finished in favour of the teen-agers Hoad and Rosewall. The score was 6—4, 7—5, 4—6, 7—5. Hoad was throughout the most dangerous player. Rose's skill managed to prolong the match when it seemed that it would end earlier.

Last Saturday the Wimbledon Championships of 1953—so widely acknowledged as the lawn tennis championships of the world—came to an end with one of the most brilliant exhibitions of women's tennis seen since the days of Lenglen, when Maureen Connolly, of the United States, beat in two straight sets, after a struggle lasting eighty minutes, her compatriot, Doris Hart, the Wimbledon champion of 1951. From beginning to end this was scintillating tennis with Miss Hart trying every shot in her varied repertoire, and Miss Connolly, as she became more and more conscious of her opponent's failing tending to hit harder and harder, but with almost uncanny accuracy. Miss Connolly eventually triumphed 6—4, 7—5, and it was with a look of relief on her face that she rushed to the net when the last shot was played, in order to commiserate with a very gallant and very brilliant opponent. For both Miss Connolly and Miss Hart this was much of a decider, as Miss Hart had won the Italian championships earlier in the year, Miss Connolly won the French championships, and now they were again meeting. Beyond all doubt they are the two best women players in the game to-day. Of the Men's Singles final it can at least be said that, even with the ebullient Drobny absent, it was a colourful affair. Seixas, of the United States, is an inexhaustible player with a variety of shots, deserved his win over the young unseeded Dane, Nielsen. It was the first time that Seixas has won a major national title. He has, however, been in the forefront of lawn tennis in many parts of the world, and during the past sixteen months he has been playing continuously in many lands. The Men's Doubles final went to Hoad and Rosewall, those brilliant young teen-agers from Australia, while Miss Hart won the Women's doubles in company with Miss Connolly and polishing off Miss Connolly and Miss Sampson without the loss of a game.

THE CHAMPION OF 1951, WHO JUST FAILED TO STAGE A COME-BACK : Doris Hart in play during the Women's Singles final, in which she was beaten by the holder, Maureen Connolly, who won 8—6, 7—5 after one of the fastest matches ever played by women on the Centre Court. On the following day, in an exhibition game in Holland, Miss Hart beat Miss Connolly, as she also beat her earlier in the year in the Italian championships.

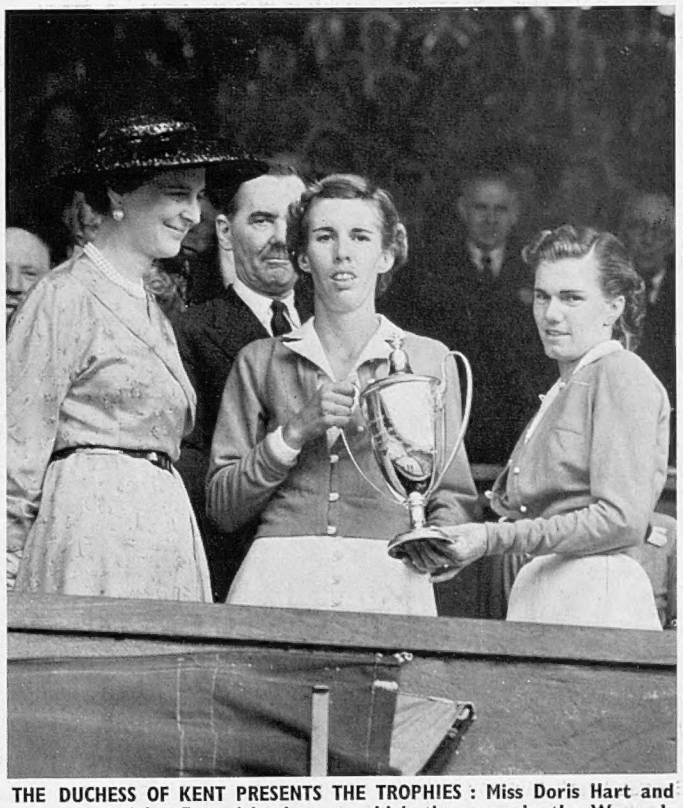




THE END OF THE MIXED DOUBLES : Seixas and Miss Hart (on left of net) receiving the congratulations of Morea (of the Argentine) and Miss Fry after they had won this final 9—7, 7—5. It was an excellent match and provided compensation for Miss Hart, who had lost the Women's Singles final.

"LITTLE MO," THE QUEEN OF WIMBLEDON ONCE AGAIN : Maureen Connolly volleying on the backhand during her final against Doris Hart. Never in her tennis career has Miss Connolly hit harder than she did on this occasion. Her play was relentless and skilful, and proved just good enough to master the even greater variety of Miss Doris Hart's hardly less forceful play.

On right—
WITH THE WIMBLEDON TROPHY : Maureen Connolly holding the massive piece of plate which was presented to her by the Duchess of Kent.



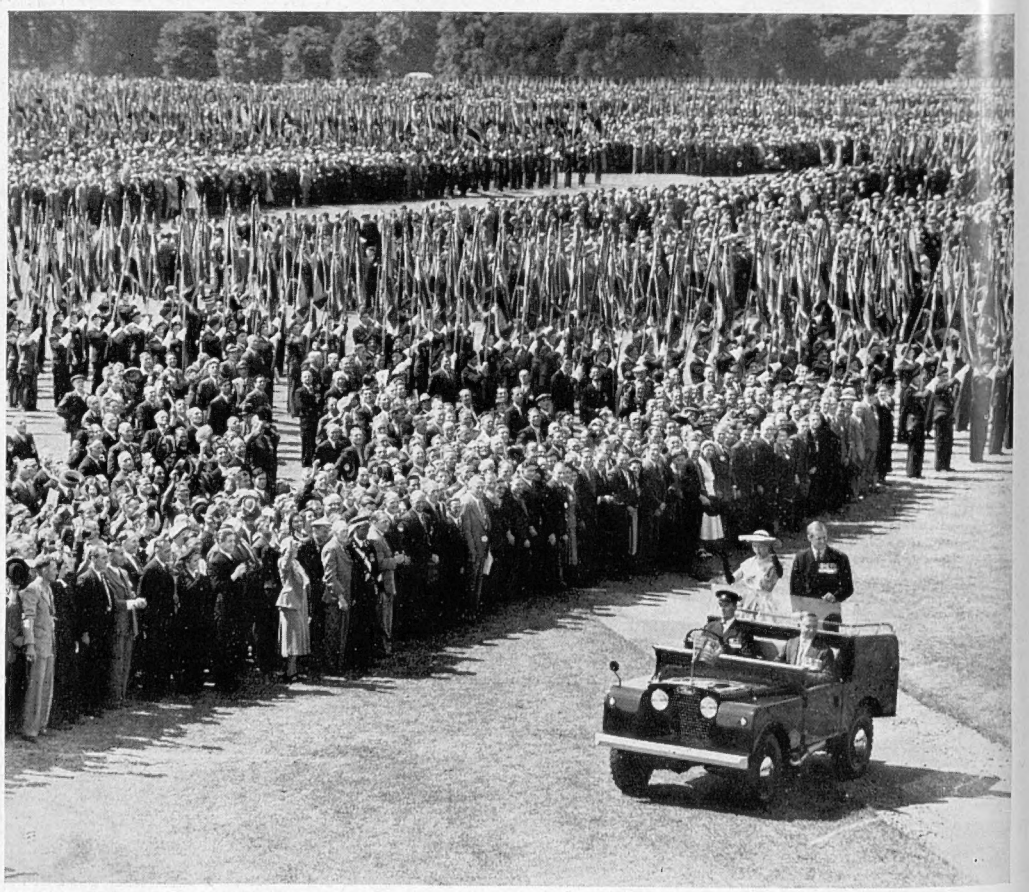
THE DUCHESS OF KENT PRESENTS THE TROPHIES : Miss Doris Hart and Miss Shirley Fry with the cup which they won in the Women's Doubles final. They were already the holders of this trophy.

THE QUEEN TAKES THE SALUTE IN THE EAST CARRIAGE ROAD OF HYDE PARK AS DISABLED VETERANS PASS BY: Altogether 72,000 ex-Servicemen and women took part in this great march-past last Sunday afternoon after the Queen had reviewed the parade in Hyde Park. It was a day of brilliant sunshine, with tens of thousands of spectators thronging the Park. Over 300 ex-Service organisations were represented in the parade.

THE QUEEN WITH THE WAR VETERANS

72,000 Ex-Servicemen Take Part in the Great Coronation Parade in Hyde Park

The great Coronation parade of ex-Service associations took place in Hyde Park last Sunday afternoon, after a morning of traffic disruption created by the incoming flow of motor-coaches which brought 72,000 former soldiers, sailors, airmen and former members of the women's auxiliary and nursing services into the heart of London. In brilliant sunshine the bemedalled contingents first paraded in divisions about 3,000 strong, the whole under the command of that great veteran, Marshal of the Royal Air Force, Lord Tedder. From the British Legion alone there were 40,000 representatives and their 2,500 blue-and-gold standards came from every part of the British Isles. One of the oldest ex-Servicemen present was ninety-three-year-old Mr. Thomas Beal, of Kensington, who joined the Army in 1879 and served in the Boer war and 1914-18 War. The Queen was received on her arrival by the Defence Minister, Field Marshal Lord Alexander of Tunis, and after the religious service, conducted by the Dean of Ripon, Her Majesty entered a field motor-car with the Duke of Edinburgh and Lord Tedder and drove slowly along the ranks. On returning to the dais the Queen addressed the parade and later took the salute at a march-past of the veterans twenty deep. This march-past occupied in all ninety minutes.



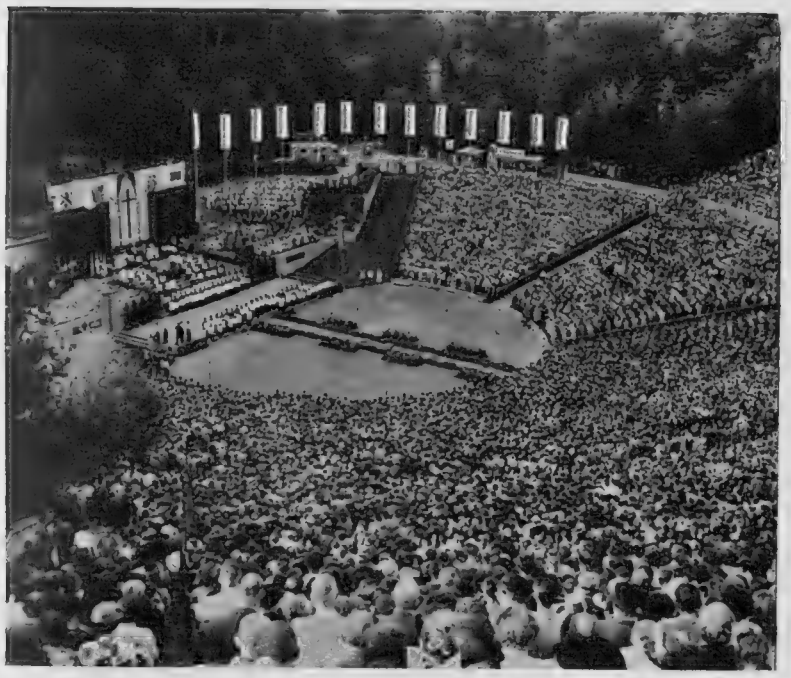
THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE REVIEW THE VETERANS AND SEE THE MARCH-PAST FROM THE SALUTING DAIS: *Right*—Passing down the ranks in their field motor-car. The members of ex-Service organisations were massed in divisions 3,000 strong. *Left*—On the dais. The Queen in a summer frock and a picture hat. The Duke wore a civilian suit and his war medals were pinned to his left breast. Other members of the Royal family present included the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester.

BERLIN'S UNEASY PEACE

Since the Rioting in the Eastern Sector on June 17 the City has been Gradually Returning to its "Normal" Way of Life

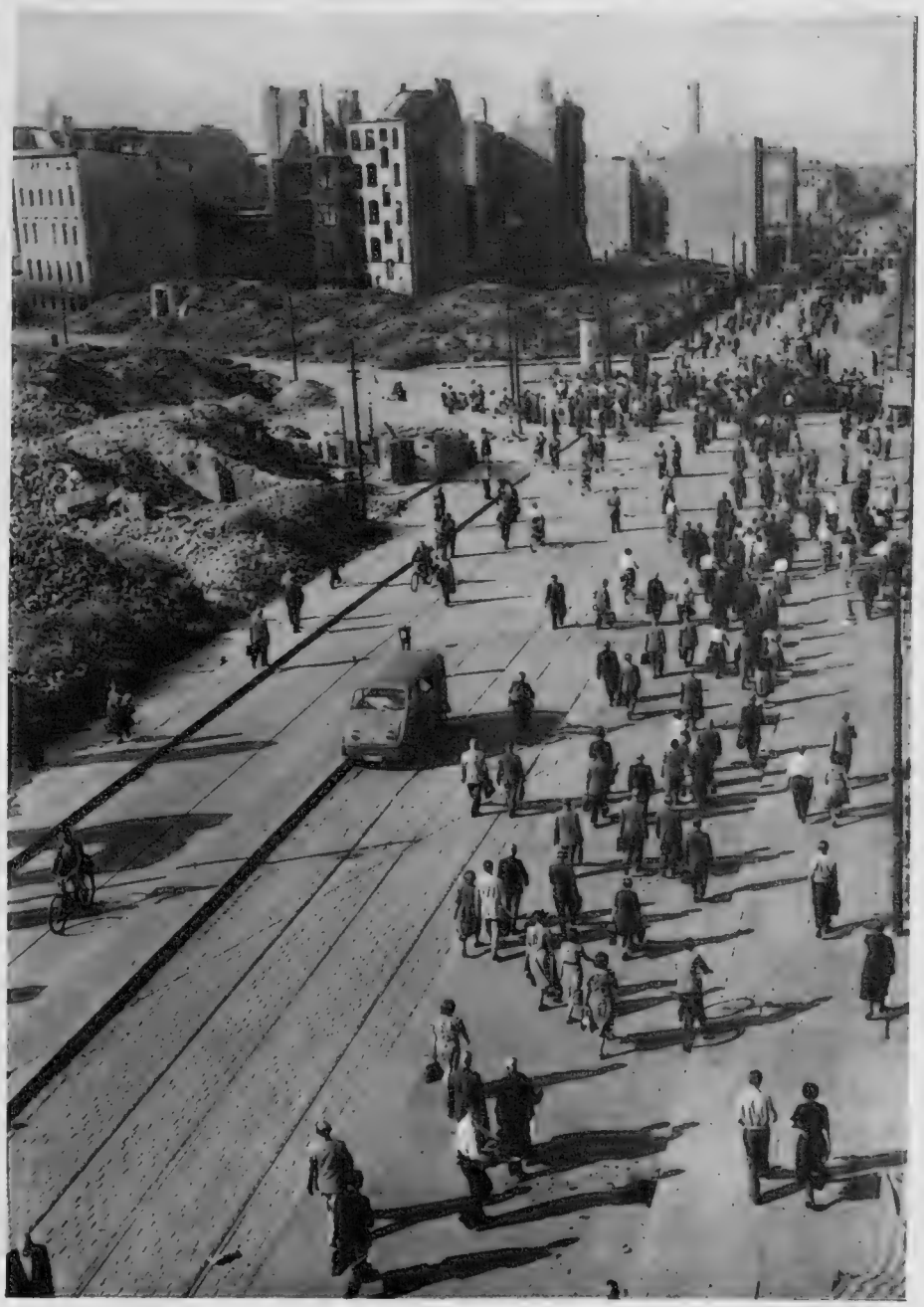
RUSSIAN SOLDIERS STAND GUARD AT THE BORDER IN BERLIN, WHILE THOUSANDS OF RAIN-SOAKED EAST BERLINERS TAKE PART IN AN OFFICIAL COMMUNIST DEMONSTRATION BEHIND THEM : The demonstration was sponsored by the East German Government and the Soviet authorities to enable the workers to "show their trust in the Government of the German Democratic Republic, the Government of the workers and of peace." Other similar demonstrations have been organised since the rebellion on June 17, and Communist reports say that in one of them "thousands of members of the 'Free German Youth' paraded through the streets of Berlin." These events show that the East German Government, with the comfort of Soviet troops and tanks behind them, feel they have the situation well in hand. There are indications, however, that pacification has proceeded more slowly in the provinces than in East Berlin, and it is reported that hunger strikes have taken place in many towns of Thuringia. These, together with the rising in East Berlin on June 17, have forced the weakening East German authorities to concede many of the workers' demands.

REFUGEES FROM THE RUSSIAN ZONE OF EAST BERLIN COMMEMORATE THOSE WHO DIED IN THE REBELLION OF JUNE 17 : A group of East German refugees and former People's Police, who escaped to West Berlin during the June rioting, attaching a wreath to the cross which they erected as a memorial to those who lost their lives in the fighting. They erected the cross in front of the Soviet Tank Memorial in the Potsdamer Strasse, in the American Sector. West Berlin police at first stopped the refugees, but later the Americans granted permission to erect the cross.



BERLINERS CONGREGATE FOR THE ANNUAL "CATHOLICS' DAY" : The scene in the great arena of the Waldbuhne open-air theatre in the British Sector of Berlin during Mass, celebrated by the Roman Catholic Bishop, Wilhelm Weskamm, at the culmination of the annual "Catholics' Day."

BERLINERS MOVE FREELY AGAIN BETWEEN THE EAST AND WEST ZONES OF THEIR CITY AFTER THE RELAXATION OF MARTIAL LAW IMPOSED BY THE RUSSIANS : *Above*—Waiting at one of the three crossing-points on the border for one-day passes for visits to the Eastern Sector. *On right*—East Berliners walking across the border at Prinzenstrasse, between the American and Russian Zones, on their way to their places of work in West Berlin. At the crossroads in the background a crowd waits patiently while the police check identity cards. Martial law was imposed in the Eastern Sector by Russian order after the serious rioting of June 17. No one knows how many Berliners were killed during the fighting which took place on that day, nor how many more were executed by firing squads for their part in the disturbances.



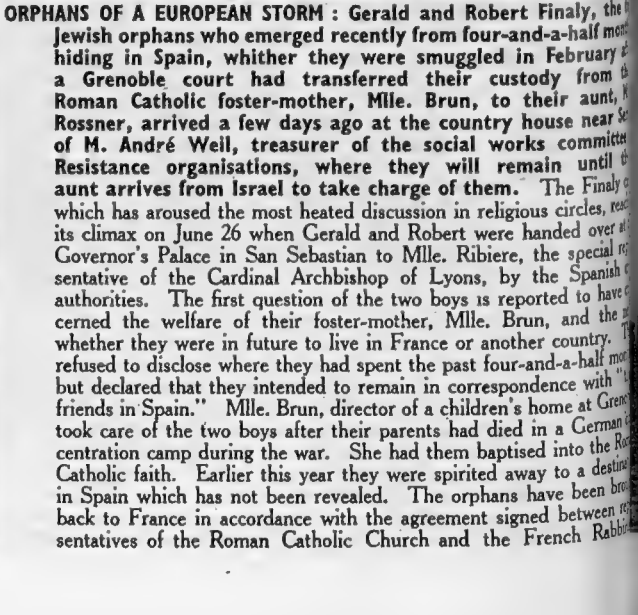
NEWS FROM FOUR CONTINENTS

MR. EDEN STEPS OUT FOR RHODE ISLAND: MRS. ROOSEVE
IN HONG KONG: GENERAL RIDGWAY'S FAREWELL TO EUROPE
THE STORY OF THE FINALY'S: GENZANO'S FLORAL CARPE
THE STATE VISIT TO IRAQ

MR. ANTHONY EDEN LEAVES HOSPITAL: The Foreign Secretary entering a car as he took his departure from the New England Baptist Hospital, Boston, twenty-one days after arriving for an urgent operation on the bile duct. He was on his way to the Rhode Island estate of Mr. John Barry Ryan, where he is completing his convalescence. A bulletin issued by the Lahey Clinic and signed by Dr. Richard Cattell, who operated on the Foreign Secretary on June 10, has stated that he continues to make "excellent progress." "We are convinced," it declared, "that after a full period of convalescence complete recovery can be assured." The bulletin also said that the obstruction of the bile duct, "which was non-malignant, has been shown to be entirely relieved," and indicated that Mr. Eden will continue under observation of the Lahey Clinic during his stay at Newport. During convalescence Mr. Eden has been studying Foreign Office documents, and he has been kept constantly in touch with the news of Sir Winston Churchill's health. Last week he issued a statement referring to the sudden death of Dr. Frank Lahey, the surgeon who assisted in the operation upon him in Boston. The Foreign Secretary said: "I am deeply shocked and grieved by the death of Dr. Lahey, to whose skill and care I myself owe so much.

MRS. ROOSEVELT VISITS A VETERAN BUSINESS-MAN IN HONG KONG: The widow of the late Franklin Roosevelt in conversation w Sir Shou-son Chow, a business leader and financial expert in t colony, when she visited Hong Kong recently on behalf of t United Nations Association. Sir Shou-son is ninety-three ye old. Mrs. Roosevelt's tour in the Far East has also taken h to Japan. During June Japanese colliers at work 2,700 ft. be ground looked up in astonishment to see Mrs. Roosevelt o visit of inspection at the mine face. Mrs. Roosevelt was a much astonished, finding that some of the colliers were wom

GENERAL RIDGWAY HONOURED BY FRANCE: President Auriol is seen about to introduce the General to M. Laniel, the new Prime Minister, after the ceremony at which the President had invested General Ridgway with the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour. The General leaves Europe in mid-July on relinquishing his appointment as Supreme Commander. In his speech M. Auriol declared that General Ridgway had contributed to the strengthening of collective security.



ORPHANS OF A EUROPEAN STORM: Gerald and Robert Finaly, the t Jewish orphans who emerged recently from four-and-a-half mont hiding in Spain, whither they were smuggled in February a a Grenoble court had transferred their custody from th Roman Catholic foster-mother, Mlle. Brun, to their aunt, M Rossner, arrived a few days ago at the country house near Se of M. André Weil, treasurer of the social works committee Resistance organisations, where they will remain until th aunt arrives from Israel to take charge of them. The Finaly c which has aroused the most heated discussion in religious circles, reac its climax on June 26 when Gerald and Robert were handed over at Governor's Palace in San Sebastian to Mlle. Ribiere, the special re sentative of the Cardinal Archbishop of Lyons, by the Spanish authorities. The first question of the two boys is reported to have c cerned the welfare of their foster-mother, Mlle. Brun, and the a whether they were in future to live in France or another country. T refused to disclose where they had spent the past four-and-a-half mon but declared that they intended to remain in correspondence with "t friends in Spain." Mlle. Brun, director of a children's home at Grenc took care of the two boys after their parents had died in a German c centration camp during the war. She had them baptised into the Ro Catholic faith. Earlier this year they were spirited away to a destina in Spain which has not been revealed. The orphans have been bro back to France in accordance with the agreement signed between re sentatives of the Roman Catholic Church and the French Rabbi

On right—

THE FAMILY THAT CAN DECREE THE FATE OF MONTE CARLO: Mr. Aristotle Socrates Onassis, his wife Tina and their son Alexandre seen at their home at Cap d'Antibes, the Chateau de la Croe, once the home of the Duke of Windsor. M. Onassis is a wealthy Greek shipowner, owning ninety-one ships totalling 1,000,000 tons. In January of this year he bought sufficient shares to give him effective control of Monte Carlo Casino. This makes him virtual controller of the destiny of Monaco. No one knows what Mr. Onassis plans to do with Monte Carlo. Some say he will embark on a development plan for the Casino. Others say that his plan to build a new yacht harbour is linked with the idea of making the old harbour a place of call for his merchant ships.

KING HUSSEIN OF JORDAN PAYS A VISIT TO HIS COUSIN, KING FEISAL OF IRAQ: King Hussein is seen receiving a bouquet from a little girl on arrival at Bagdad Airport. His cousin, King Feisal, looks on smilingly. *Above on right*—King Feisal and his guest seated on thrones in the reception tent at Bagdad Airport. The two monarchs are much alike in looks. They were both at school together at Harrow. King Feisal's father, King Ghazi, and his grandfather, Feisal I, also went to Harrow. The visit to Iraq lasted four days and during the visit King Hussein had with him his Prime Minister, who held conversations with the Prime Minister of Iraq.

On right—
A LANDSLIDE ENVELOPES A SWISS VILLAGE: Mud swirls around houses in Schmerikin, in the Swiss Canton of St. Gallen, after the recent heavy rains which caused the worst floods in seventy-seven years in several parts of Eastern Switzerland. A landslide which started on the slopes of the Goldberg Mountain enveloped the village, causing damage estimated at £166,666. Troops and firemen rendered aid in many stricken villages.

Below—
THE RETURN OF THE OCEANOGRAPHERS: The skyline of Lower Manhattan forms a backdrop for the 202-ft. schooner *Vema* as the vessel sails into New York Harbour. Columbia University oceanographers aboard the schooner had been studying the Puerto Rican Trench, the deepest part of the Atlantic, with a depth of almost six miles, and the Gulf of Mexico area in the course of an expedition which began in April. The scientists discovered that the gulf is "a typical piece of ocean being encroached upon by land" and "is not a continental mass which was covered over hundreds of centuries ago."

TOWNSMEN LAY OUT THE FLOWERS ON THE COBBLESTONES OF THE MAIN STREET OF THE LITTLE TOWN OF GENZANO, SIXTEEN MILES SOUTH-EAST OF ROME, WHICH HAS JUST HELD ITS ANNUAL FLOWER FESTIVAL: First a rough chalk line is inscribed on the street of the religious scenes which have previously been designed by local artists. The laying of the flowers is aided by the use of large stencils. Genzano has long been famed for its flower festival which has taken place almost every year since 1778, being associated with the religious ceremonial of Corpus Christi. 35 tons of flowers are used to make the floral carpet, and much hard work goes into the preparations.

A PANORAMA OF SHIPPING IN GRAND HARBOUR, MALTA : This picture, taken with a tele-lens from three miles inland, shows British, Indian and American warships anch between Sliema (foreground) and Valletta (in the background). From front to rear in the line at left are the United States destroyer *Vogelgesang*, and the Royal Naval frigates *Merr Cygnet* and *Peacock*. In the centre is (D.18) the British Fleet destroyer H.M.S. *St. Kitts*, while ahead of her are the American High-Speed Minesweepers *Fitch* and *Macomb*. On extreme right is the U.S.S. *Braine*, a destroyer displacing 2,050 tons. The other four vessels ahead of the *Braine* are destroyers and frigates of the Indian Navy. They are the fri (ex-sloops) *Cauvery*, *Kistna* and *Jumna*, and at the head of the line the destroyer *Ranjit*. The latter ship, formerly H.M.S. *Redoubt*, was transferred together with two other Br destroyers, *Raider* and *Rotherham*, to the Indian Navy in 1949. Other arrivals at Malt the end of June included ships of the Mediterranean Command and of the Commonwe Navies returning to their stations after the Coronation Naval Review at Spith

SHIPS OF MANY NATIONS CROWD MALTA'S HARBOURS

Warships of the N.A.T.O. Mediterranean Command are Joined by Warships Returning from Spithead and from the East

"ROLLING HOME" : H.M.S. *Glory*, one of Britain's 13,190-ton light aircraft-carriers, flies her paying-off pendant as she steams into Valletta Grand Harbour, en route from Korea to Portsmouth. On the flight-deck are some 200 cars collected from various naval stations. In her three operational periods in Korean waters the *Glory* spent 316 days at sea on war service—the longest period by any U.N. carrier in a single commission. Twenty-one men lost their lives.

REPAIRING THE BOMB-SHATTERED FORT LASCARIS, HEADQUARTERS OF THE NOR ATLANTIC TREATY ORGANISATION, MEDITERRANEAN NAVAL COMMAND : The N.A.T. C.-in-C. at Malta is Admiral Earl Mountbatten, and the flags flying over the fort of the nations represented in his Command. On the left is the S.S. *Uganda*, own by the British India Steam Navigation Co., en route from East Africa to Engl

A MUSTER OF SMALL SHIPS AT THE NAVAL BASE AT MALTA—ADMIRAL EARL MOUNTBATTEN BUILDS UP A STRONG FORCE OF ANTI-SUBMARINE SHIPS FOR HIS MEDITERRANEAN N.A.T.O. COMMAND: This muster of ships in Taxbiex Harbour includes minesweepers, minelayers and submarine chasers for use with the Navies participating in the North Atlantic Treaty. In the centre of the picture, just beyond the Nissen huts, is the "C" Group destroyer *Childers* of the Royal Navy.

BACK FROM SUEZ, WHERE SHE SUFFERED FROM AN OUTBREAK OF FIRE, H.M.S. "RANPURA" ARRIVES AT MALTA FOR DOCKING: The 16,120-ton Heavy Fleet Repair Ship is assisted to her berth in the dockyard following her arrival from the Middle East. The *Ranpura*, a former liner converted into a Heavy Repair Ship at the end of the Second World War, was built by R. and W. Hawthorn, Leslie and Co. at Hebburn and launched in 1925.

BRITAIN'S FIRST CAR FERRY

The New Terminal at Dover, which Gives Direct Access for Cars Between Ship and Shore, is Open to Traffic

The new Car Ferry Terminal at the Eastern Docks, Dover, which was opened last week by the Minister of Transport, was planned immediately after the Second World War to provide the essential facilities required to accommodate the rapidly-developing traffic of accompanied cars and coaches to and from the Continental ports served by Dover. This traffic may be said to have grown into a definite trade in 1928 when Captain S. M. Townsend, of Townsend Bros.' Ferries Ltd., chartered vessels for the express purpose of conveying motor vehicles across the Channel. At that time the number of cars handled annually was about 6,000, while in 1952 the number had grown to 107,020. This vast increase of traffic outpaced the development of the port facilities and cars were subject to long delays while waiting to be swung on and off the vessels. To-day the motorist is assured of a speedy journey, for having arrived at the dock gates he drives along a quarter-mile stretch of wide, straight road to the roundabout at the entrance to the Terminal, where he joins the Reception Car Park. At this point the vehicles are marshalled into traffic lanes for the particular port of destination in readiness for their entry into the spacious Customs Examination building. From there the cars are driven to the Eastern Car Park and eventually on to the ship by way of a short ramp leading up to the loading-bridge, and from the seaward end of the bridge to the ship's deck over a short link span. The bridges are hinged at the land end and are raised or lowered at the seaward end by means of hoisting machinery situated in the reinforced concrete portals, thus allowing operations at any state of the tide.

THE RECEPTION BUILDING OF THE NEW CAR FERRY TERMINAL WHICH WAS OPENED LAST WEEK IN THE EASTERN DOCKS AT DOVER: The new car ferry terminal has been designed by the Dover Harbour Board to ensure the speedy shipment and unloading of vehicles to and from the Continent. It is the first installation of its kind in the country and forms the link with similar facilities at several Continental ports. Access from shore to ship is by means of a ramp leading from the car-park to the loading-bridge, and from the seaward end of the bridge to the ship's deck over a short link span. The terminal has cost about £750,000.

THE PETROL AND CAR SERVICE STATION: The station is situated inside the main dock gates, forming an island between outgoing and incoming traffic; it can therefore be used by cars travelling in either direction. Twelve pumps are provided.

THE BANKING SECTION IN THE RECEPTION BUILDING: In this section the traveller is able to carry on business with a whole host of organisations.

THE SHORE AND SEAWARD ENDS OF THE CAR FERRY: *Left*—The Minister of Transport, Mr. A. T. Lennox-Boyd, M.P., drives on board the T.S.S. *Dinard* after opening the new terminal. *Right*—A view showing the *Dinard* alongside one of the two new loading berths, each of which is designed to handle vessels of between 300 ft. and 400 ft. in length. The vessels operating in the berths are specially built for stern loading and are of a twin-screw type fitted with bow rudders.

THE TRAINERS FORGATHER AT ODIHAM: Training aircraft lined up at the Royal Air Force Station, Odiham, Hampshire, where aircraft of many types and other equipment of the R.A.F. are being assembled for the Static Parade of the Queen's Coronation Review of the Royal Air Force, taking place on July 15. In addition to the Static Parade, there will be a big fly-past. On the ground, marshalled in four parallel lines, each stretching for more than three-quarters of a mile, will be 318 aircraft, representing all Commands of the R.A.F. at home, the Second Tactical Air Force in Germany, and the Royal Canadian, Royal Australian and Royal New Zealand Air Forces. There will also be a parade of vehicles and equipment from the various ground branches of the R.A.F. and its auxiliary and reserve elements. In the air there will be a fly-past by 639 aircraft, ranging from basic trainers flying at 98 m.p.h. to the swept-wing 615 m.p.h. supersonic fighters.

THE R.A.F. PREPARES FOR A ROYAL PARADE

The Great Coronation Review to Take Place at Odiham, Hampshire

THE AMERICAN JET BOMBER DISASTER

THE END OF A STRATOJET: These two aerial views were taken above the railway cutting near Heyford, Oxfordshire, after an American six-engined B 47 Stratojet bomber had crashed and been burnt out on the line. The crew of four were all killed. At the time of the disaster the bomber was approaching to land at Upper Heyford airfield—recently taken over by the U.S.A.F. from the R.A.F.—and was about a mile from the runways. First-aid and rescue workers were beaten back by the flames. The driver of an express train saw the aircraft crash on the lines ahead of him and was able to pull up with a short distance to spare. At Heyford, on the Oxford side of the crash, the signalman was in time to pull up a goods train travelling from Southampton.

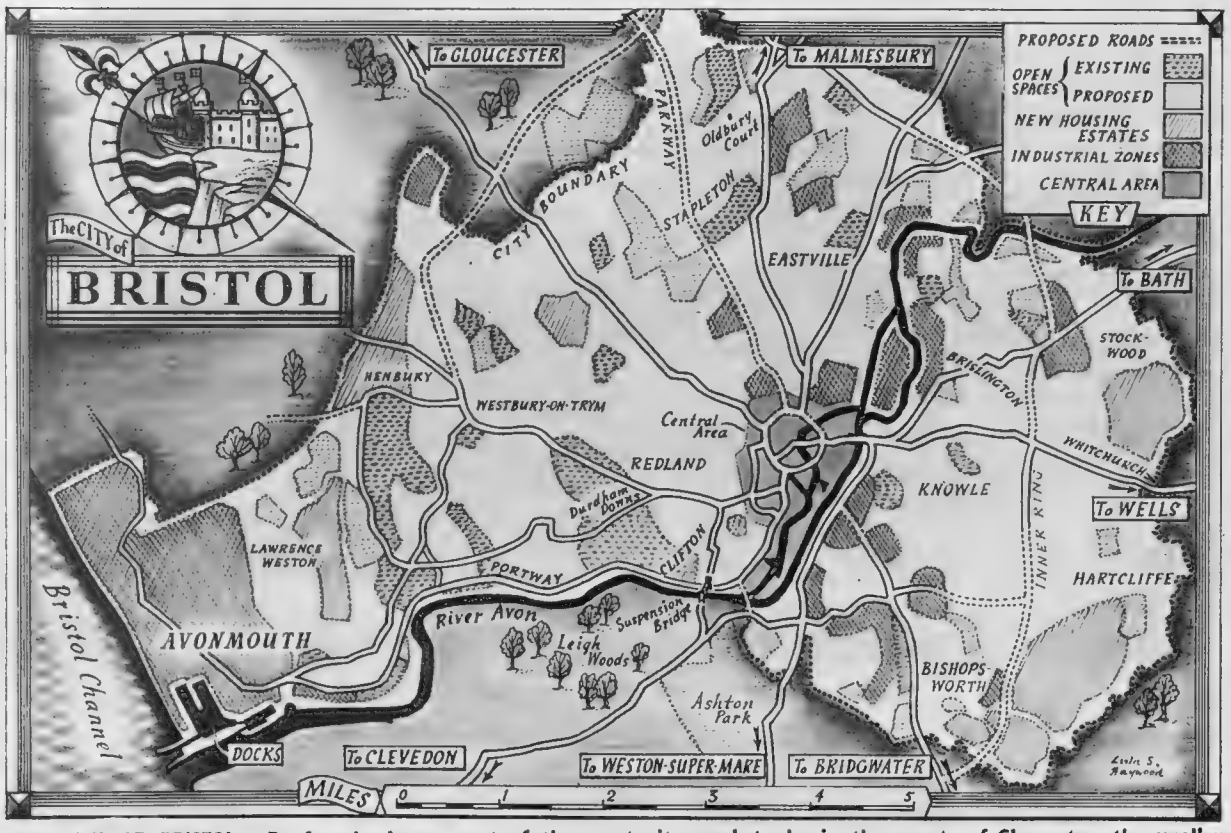
IN BRISTOL THE SHIPS STILL SAIL UP INTO THE CITY CENTRE: These City Docks are a picturesque feature of modern Bristol, and are evidence to the world of her importan as a port, but it is at Avonmouth that the major developments have taken place, and there, of course, the greatest tonnages are dealt with. Both Avonmouth an Portishead Docks form part of the port of Bristol. Bristol's flow of export traffic is enormous. During 1950 over 1,400 motor vehicles were despatched by sea

BRISTOL: THE INDEPENDENT CITY

As Early as 1312 Bristol Merchants Showed Their Independence, and They Have Been Doing So Ever Since in this Progressive City which has Developed Steadily Through the Centuries

By ROY JENKINS, M.P.

WITH SPECIAL "SPHERE" DRAWINGS BY JACK MERRIOTT, R.I.



THE CITY OF BRISTOL: By far the larger part of the great city used to be in the county of Gloucester, the smaller portion south of the Avon being in Somerset. Now Bristol is a county. Leslie S. Haywood shows in this drawing some of the provisions of the Bristol Development Plan, which calls for the establishment of neighbourhood units.

The author of this article, Roy Jenkins, M.P. for the Stetchford constituency of Birmingham, was born on the other side of the Bristol Channel from Bristol, but he knows the city well and admires its many qualities, not least the abiding sense of independence among its citizens.

Bristol has always stood well in the eyes of the world because it has represented steady progress in many fields, by reason of its well-diversified industrial and commercial activities, and this standing was, indeed, well demonstrated by the success last week of Bristol's £4,000,000 loan, which the Corporation raised on the open market.

Bristol, a city of about 450,000 population and the seventh largest in Britain, is facing up to the post-war world with characteristic energy, and her present development plan is designed to ensure an even fairer Bristol in the years ahead and to make good in the most effective manner the ravages of the war years. Bristol suffered severely in the blitz. Over 3,000 houses were destroyed and about 90,000 properties damaged in the air raids. Altogether 1,299 people were killed and 3,305 injured in these raids.

IN Stuart times the three great cities of England were London, Bristol and Norwich. London was and is, the capital, with all the special features which that entails. Norwich is still primarily a cathedral and county town, although a very large and distinguished one. But Bristol, alone amongst the towns which dominated in the seventeenth century, is not a provincial city of the first rank. And, alone amongst the great provincial cities, it is not a product of the industrial revolution. As such it occupies a unique position in the catalogue of English towns.

Of this quality Bristol makes one quickly aware. It is not a product of a number of ancient monuments or of a few quaint corners in which the centuries may be imagined away. These certainly exist in the city, but so do they, like islands of an earlier age

LOOKING FROM THE HEIGHTS OF BRISTOL DOWN ST. MICHAEL'S HILL: This is the old-world Bristol of solid, stone-faced houses which rises steeply above the commercial heart of the city, a reminder of the spacious days of the merchant princes of the city.

standing above the sea of dominant Victorianism, in many another big provincial city. It is rather that in Bristol a sense of steady development from the past pervades the appearance and atmosphere of the town. The last hundred years have made their full impact, of course, but not so disproportionately to what went before as is usually the case. The new suburbs and the modern factories are decisively of this century, and much of the housing and industrial development is of the latter part of the last; but the old centre of the town, with its small churches crowded into narrow roadways and its street-names reminiscent of the City of London, still has an air of the seventeenth century; a whole hillside of graceful Regency terraces and crescents overhangs the city on the west; and even the headquarters of the former Gas and Light Company has a classical façade.

It is the docks which give Bristol its most characteristic flavour, however. The city grew up as a port, and it remains one of major importance—the seventh in the country in terms of the value of its trade. Plantagenet kings embarked and disembarked at Bristol on expeditions against the French and the Irish, and John Cabot set off from there to land in Newfoundland a good year before Columbus reached the West Indies. In the French and Spanish Wars of the succeeding centuries Bristol privateers were most active in harrying the enemy and taking rich hauls of booty; and during this period the commerce of the city with the lands across the Atlantic developed fast. "Shipshape and Bristol fashion" became a term of general approbation, and Bristol Bridge, which spans the Avon in the centre of the town and was first built in stone in 1247, the nearest English equivalent to the Rialto of Venice. Here news of voyages were exchanged and slaves changed hands—for Bristol earned much prosperity and some infamy as a principal centre of this trade.

The docks in the city itself still remind us of the commerce of those days. They penetrate into the very centre of the town, so that a ship's masts and an expanse of water at the end of the street is a normal feature of the Bristol landscape. And the ships themselves are not, as in so many ports, unseen vessels hooting in the misty distance; they are near and real. They are moored almost alongside the Llandoger Trow, that strangely-named, seventeenth-century hostelry where Stevenson is held to have made Long John Silver meet the hero of *Treasure Island*. They can approach to within 100 yards of the Theatre Royal, the oldest playhouse in England—and one of the most famous. Their trade, it is easy to imagine, is still predominantly in luxuries, as in the pre-industrial age, rather than in the basic foodstuffs and raw materials of to-day. In part this is true. Bristol, with its three large tobacco concerns, of which that of W. D. and H. O. Wills is the most famous, and its noted wine shippers—John Harvey and Sons, Avery and Co., and many others—does not cater only for austerity. But in part it is only a façade, as are the little ships and intimate waterways of the city centre. To-day the real docks of Bristol are seven miles further down the River Avon at Avonmouth and Portishead. Here are the ocean-going ships and here, too, is now concentrated nine-tenths of the activity of the Port of Bristol. There is nothing frivolous about the trade here. Grain, meat, and petroleum are amongst the principal imports. On the export side steel, chemicals and motor-cars are of major importance.

With this sea-faring background, Bristol has long been an independently-minded city. As early as 1312 a fish tax of Edward II provoked a three-year revolt which was eventually subdued only by the terrifying effects of the king's battering-rams upon the houses of the merchants. In 1793 there was a great riot against the charging of tolls on Bristol Bridge, and in the Reform Bill riots thirty-eight years later Bristol was well to the fore. The Bishop's Palace was entirely destroyed. The Kingswood colliers, the miners from a still-radical suburb now largely engaged in boot-making, attained a national reputation for being always willing to take to the streets in support of popular

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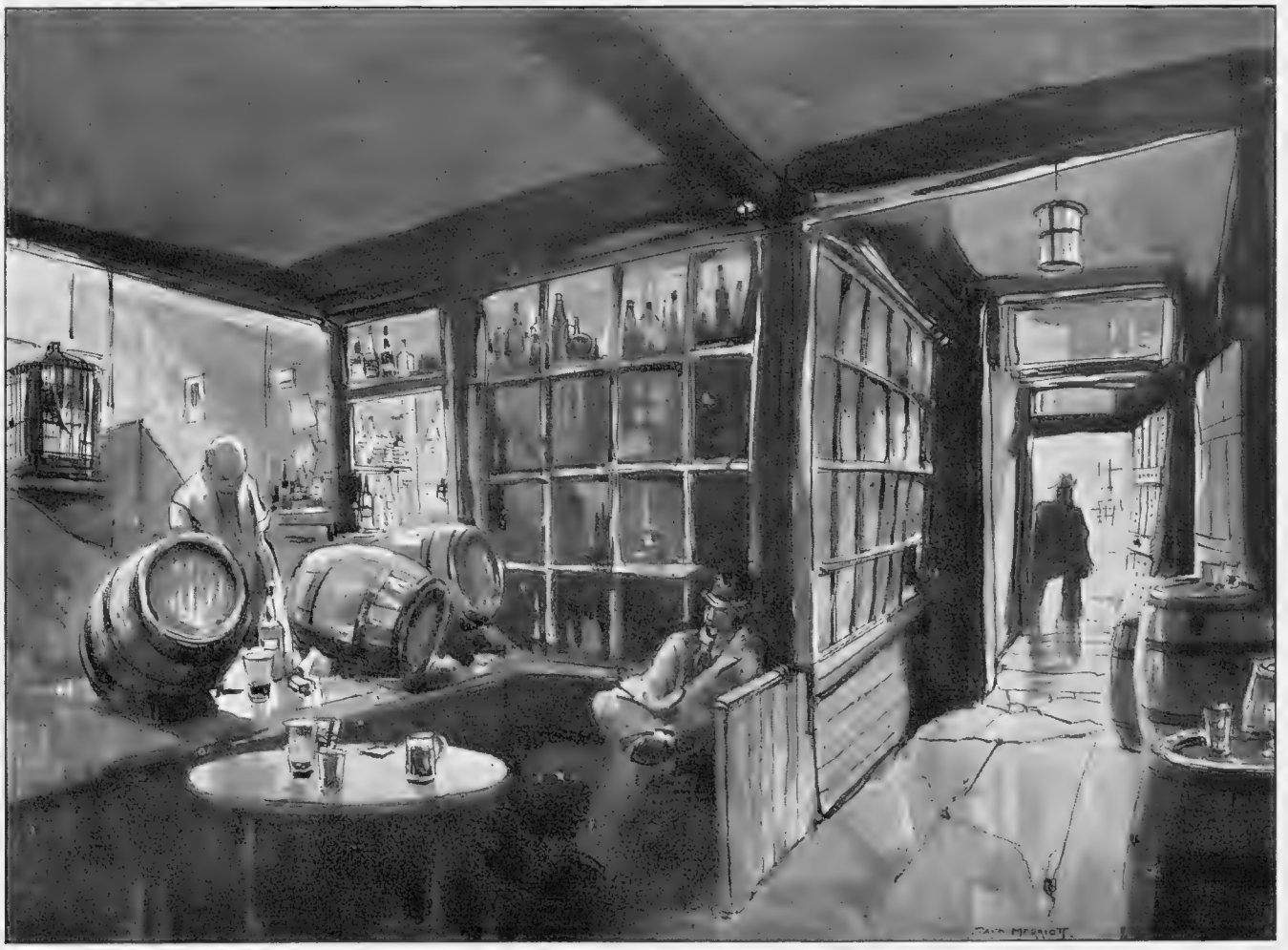


On right—

YE OLDE LLANDOGER TROW INN, THE SPYGLASS OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S "TREASURE ISLAND": The inn was built in 1664, its irregular beams, bay windows, and half-timber work proclaiming its links with the Tudor and Stuart periods and, needless to say, proving a great attraction for visitors. The name of the inn was originated by Welsh traders who travelled from North Wales to Bristol in boats called the *Llandoger Trows*.

BRISTOL'S OLD TRAMWAY CENTRE IN ITS NEW POST-WAR GUISE—THE CENTRE GARDENS AS THEY APPEAR TO-DAY : During the war this was a car-park, and while it was valuable amenity, it added nothing to the beauty of the city. The further covering of the River Frome has made possible the development of this garden layou The square church tower seen towards the left in the middle distance is that of St. Stephen's. The tower has Gloucestershire pinnacles and is of noble proportion

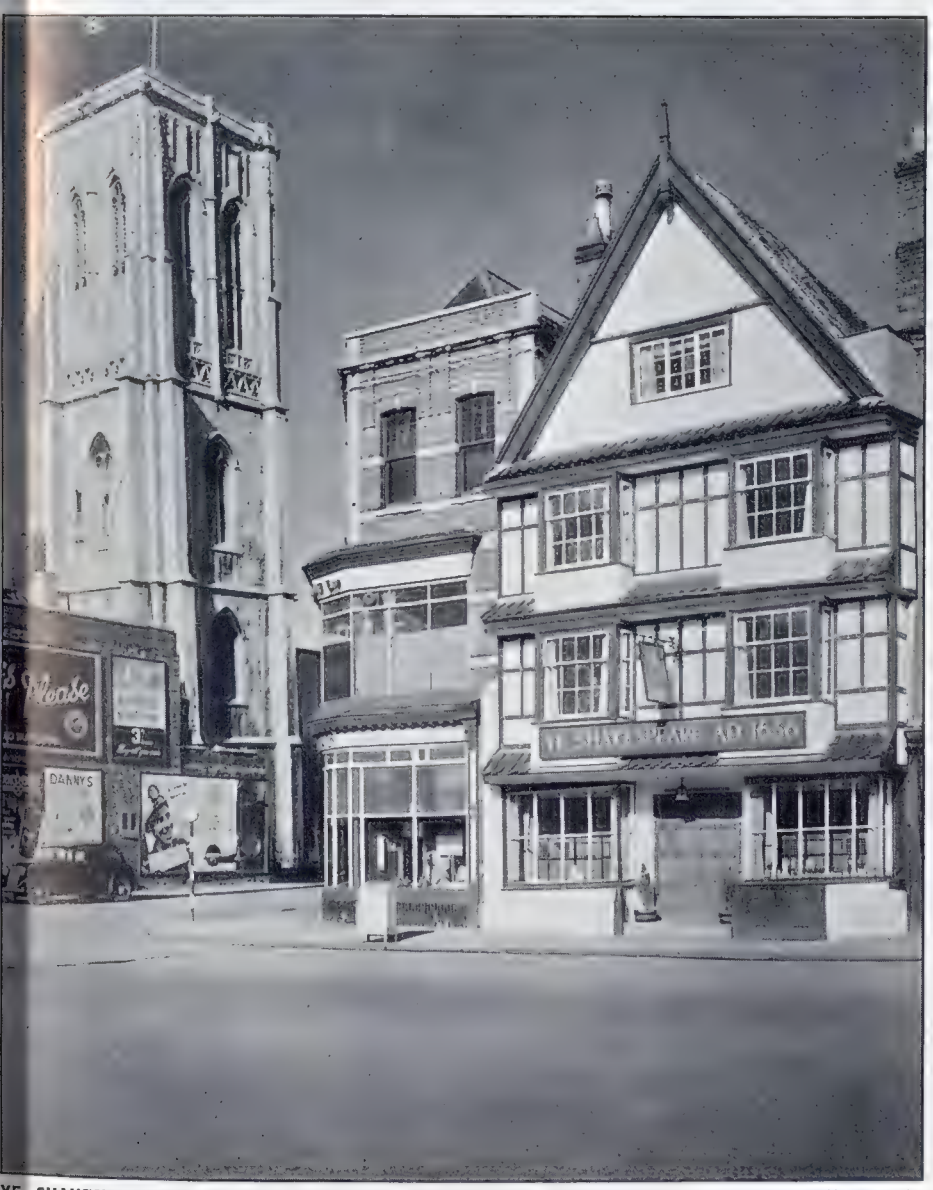
BRISTOL

THE INDEPENDENT CITY

MODERN-DAY AND MEDIEVAL BUILDING IN THE CITY OF BRISTOL : *Left*—The famous Bristol University tower. This neo-Gothic building, of which Bristolians are deeply proud stands at the top of Park Street, dominating the city. The tower, 218 ft. high, was completed in 1925 to the designs of Sir George Oatley. The University o Bristol was founded largely through the benefactions of the Wills family. *Right*—The famous Hatchet Inn, a picturesque, half-timbered building. The Hatchet Inn wa reprieved from demolition by the intervention of the Society for the Preservation of Ancient Buildings. At one time it was known as The Pugilists' In

A CORNER OF QUEEN SQUARE : This handsome square has some fine houses belonging to the eighteenth century. No. 37 was the first American Consulate in Britain. It was there that the celebrated Polish patriot, Kosciusko, was the guest of Consul Vanderhorst when he was en route to America after release from a St. Petersburg prison.

DOORWAYS OF THE PARAGON : This crescent was built between 1809 and 1820, it is believed, according to the plans of John Drew. It is situated at the end of Royal York Crescent, high above the Avon Gorge. The curved doors of the houses are all painted in different colours.



YE SHAKESPEARE, VICTORIA STREET : This is the oldest inn with a continuous licence in Bristol. The story is told that Dick Turpin often sat behind a partition in the bar at this inn and gained important information from the tales of well-to-do travellers.

ONE OF THE PORTICOES OF BRISTOL'S NEW COUNCIL BUILDING AND, IN THE BACKGROUND, PART OF THE CATHEDRAL : The building has been the subject of severe criticism, and there are many who feel that the architect, Vincent Harris, has failed in his object of achieving an architectural balance.

IN BLITZED BRISTOL—THE WINE STREET CAR-PARK AND, IN THE BACKGROUND, THE RUINS OF THE CHURCH OF ST. MARY LE PORT: The church was burnt out during the blitz, the Nave and Chancel being demolished. St. Mary le Port was founded about the year 1170, and it has for long been famed for its 7-ft. eagle lectern, weighing nearly 700 lb. On the right is All Saints' Church, which has a medieval tower which was cased in the eighteenth century and surmounted by a cupola.

BRISTOL: THE INDEPENDENT CITY

AN OLD TURNPIKE HOUSE ON THE WESTON-SUPER-MARE ROAD: Set up in Bristol and district in 1727, the turnpike tolls were used to improve the roads. The turnpike houses were frequently burned down by rioters against the tolls.

On left—

DOWRY PARADE, HOTWELLS: Familiarly known as Lower Clifton in the last century, this once-dignified neighbourhood is in sad decay. Lovely Georgian houses graced the eighteenth-century spa at Hotwells, in the Avon Gorge, and made it indeed a rival to Bath.

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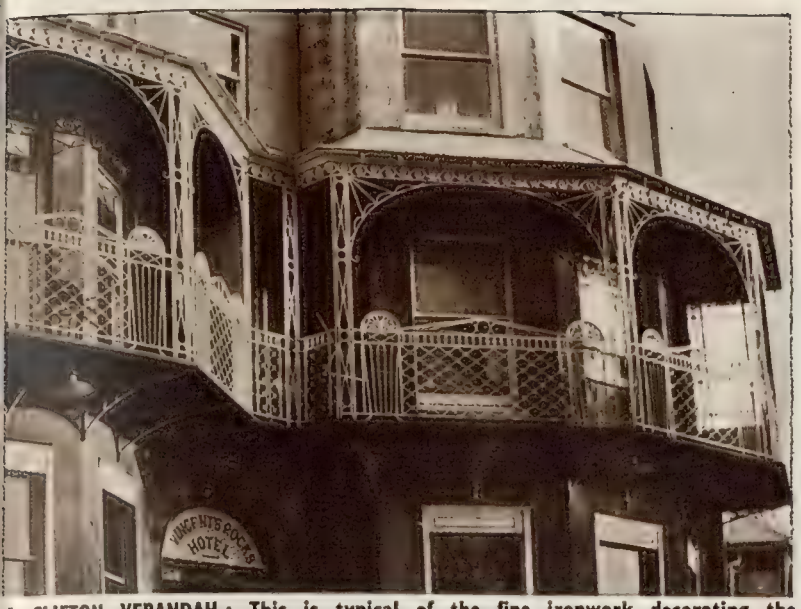
causes. Amongst less irregular forms of political activity the city has elected to Parliament, over the years, a series of Members of great distinction. Amongst those of independent mind whom it sustained through careers of some vicissitude may be mentioned Edmund Burke and Stafford Cripps. An impressive statue of the former, in rhetorical pose, has been erected in the large oval of the City Centre. It is inscribed with Burke's classic words, delivered at Bristol in 1780: "I wish to be a Member of Parliament to have my share of doing good and resisting evil."

It is in religion still more than in politics, however, that Bristol has achieved fame by its independence of outlook. The Lollard movement of the fourteenth century had strong roots there, and more recently the city has been a centre of Nonconformity. The established religion has no lack of shrines there. There is the Cathedral, a finely-proportioned church inside and possessed, in the chapter house, of one of the best examples of decorated Norman work to be seen in Britain. There is St. Mary Redcliff, described by the first Queen Elizabeth as "the fairest, the goodliest and most famous parish church in England," and notable to-day not only for its elegant perpendicular architecture, but also for the excellent order in which it is kept. Within its walls Southey and Coleridge were married and Chatterton was stirred to inspired forgery. And there are such as remain of the eighteen lesser churches which a map of 1671 showed as being within the city walls. But none of these famous monuments exceeds in interest or in importance as a symbol of the religious life of Bristol a small chapel in Broadmead close to the Centre. It is "The Room," the oldest Methodist chapel in the world, established in 1739 by John Wesley (who had preached his first sermon on Hanham Mount, a few miles to the north-east) and characterised by grace of interior decoration rare in Nonconformist churches. The Nonconformist tradition, reinforced by substantial Welsh immigration in recent years, remains a most powerful factor in the life of Bristol and of parts of the surrounding countryside.

Deep though the roots of Bristol are in the past, there is no sense in the city that its greatest days lie behind. On the contrary, there is a concentration upon new industry and a mushroom suburban development. Bristol is the home of the Brabazon airliner and of many other modern planes. Also of great importance in the city is chocolate manufacture, a trade which, if not quite so resolutely modern as that carried on by the Bristol Aeroplane Company, is firmly of this century, especially as practised in the Fry factory at Somerdale. Printing, paint and varnish manufacture, and a variety of engineering work are amongst the other leading industries.

The population of Bristol is now nearly 450,000, having increased from 320,000 since 1900. This expansion of the past fifty years has been accompanied by a great bursting of the old, comparatively narrow confines of the town, within which, although there are very few slums still existing, so many people had been concentrated for so long. Between the wars there was much of the characteristic red-brick development of the period, and since 1945 Bristol has been noted for the success of its housing programme. The new suburbs which have resulted may lack the grace of Clifton, with its fine Georgian mansions, its wide expanse of downland, and its terraced hillside, but then, so does almost every urban dwelling area in the country; and they are a great improvement on the long and rather grim streets of Totterdown, Bedminster and St. Philip's.

As a result of bomb damage Bristol has been presented with an opportunity to build at the centre as well as on the periphery. The damage was heavy and, for the most part, concentrated. The shopping centre, crowded into an area of narrow streets a little to the north of Bristol Bridge, was almost obliterated. As in the City of London the streets alone remain to mark the pattern of what previously existed. The effect has been threefold. Local shopping areas have developed more than would otherwise have been the case in Fishponds, Bedminster, Bishopston, Clifton and other suburbs, with a consequent decentralising pressure upon the life of the city. At the same time, a substitute central area has grown up in Park Street and Queen's Road, on the hill leading to Clifton, thus accelerating the tendency, common to so many cities, for their centre of activity to move gradually to the west. German bombs have done something the same for Park Street as in Berlin the presence of Russian troops in the old centre has done for the now most animated Kurfuerstendamm. And, thirdly, the town-planners have been presented



A CLIFTON VERANDAH: This is typical of the fine ironwork decorating the Georgian houses above Hotwells and the Avon Gorge. Work of a similar character is also to be seen in the two spa towns, Bath and Cheltenham.

THE CELEBRATED CLIFTON SUSPENSION BRIDGE CROSSING THE GORGE OF THE RIVER AVON: Opened in 1864, the bridge is 1,352 ft. long and is 245 ft. above the river. Its weight is 1,500 tons and it can carry a load of 7,000 tons. It was designed by Brunel.

THE THEATRE ROYAL IN KING STREET: The story of the theatre in Bristol is one of old traditions and much future promise. The Theatre Royal was first opened in 1766, and there almost every actor and actress of note has appeared, with the exception of Garrick.

BRISTOL CATHEDRAL AND THE CONTROVERSIAL MUNICIPAL BUILDING FACING IT: Whether or not these two harmonise the reader may judge. Some Bristolians do not think that they harmonise at all. It has been suggested that the copy of the Bristol Cross be returned to the centre of the Green, where it was sited from 1888 to 1950. There seems to be no hope of the original Cross being returned from the National Trust.

with a great opportunity. To what extent it will be taken it is still rather early to say. No new buildings of note have yet been erected in the ruined area, but there is still plenty of room for them. It is to be hoped that the opportunity to break away from the existing street plan, which would be unsuitable for buildings in a modern idiom, will not be neglected.

There is, however, one striking modern building in the city—the new Council House which now shares College Green with the Cathedral. The site is magnificent and the façade has a fine sweep.

Behind this new Council House rises Brandon Hill, on the summit of which is Cabot Tower, a commemorative nineteenth-century monument from which the best general view of Bristol can be obtained. The dominant impression is of a city penetrated not only by waterways but by countryside. To the west lies the mass of Clifton Down, with the spectacular Avon Gorge. On the far side of the Suspension Bridge Somerset begins and, with it, wooded hills with the deep green and the sudden steepness of the West Country. To the south there is Bedminster Down, a green tongue running up from the Mendips and almost into the heart of the city. And to the north-east there is more country and more rising ground which soon becomes the beginnings of the Cotswolds. In the city itself there are steep hills and high towers. There are deceptively few factory chimneys and not much smoke. It is a commercial rather than an industrial scene. It is a great city set in a characteristically West Country landscape.

THE FLOATING HARBOUR WITH THE GRACEFUL SPIRE OF ST. MARY REDCLIFF IN THE DISTANCE: The Floating Harbour is so called because the River Avon was diverted from its course to form the basis. It is no longer the centre of Bristol's dockland, although still playing a vital part in her thriving export trade.

WOOLVERSTONE, THE L.C.C.'s BOARDING-SCHOOL

A Remarkable Educational Enterprise on the Estuary of the River Orwell

By DONALD FORD

THE NEW AND OLD WOOLVERSTONE WILL BE INTERMINGLED : This model prepared by the L.C.C. shows the central school block, the original Woolverstone Hall built in the eighteenth century, and grouped near it the new dormitory buildings which, if the Minister of Education agrees, will be provided under the development programme for the London County Council's boarding-school.

THE village of Woolverstone stands in that part of Suffolk which, bounded on the north by the estuary of the River Orwell and on the south by the estuary of the River Stour, has always seemed as much part of the sea as of the land.

It is at the heart of the Constable country, and even to-day it possesses something of the remote timelessness that Constable captured so luminously on the canvases which have come to characterise England and the English countryside not only to the world, but, more subtle achievement, to the English themselves.

For those who venture by car beyond Ipswich into this lovely peninsula, and who come by chance upon Woolverstone—and very few would seek it out deliberately—it will seem a village in a backwater, lost to the world of the twentieth century, with nothing now to offer except its peace, its natural beauty of hedge, seashore, field and far-seen sky, and its occasional cottages that seem, in their age, as much part of nature as the trees they stand under.

The chance visitor, driving through, will probably accept its quaintness and its age—for it is neither especially quaint nor especially ancient—and see nothing to distinguish Woolverstone from a dozen such small villages to be found in a day's drive; indeed, they will probably have forgotten its name before the name has disappeared from the signposts. Yet something very remarkable is happening at Woolverstone; a school is being created there which is engaging the interest and attention of the whole educational world.

Woolverstone Hall is the first school of its kind in the country; it is a boarding-school established by the London County Council in this lovely and remote part of Suffolk.

The chairman of the governing body of Woolverstone Hall, Mrs. Irene Chaplin, said, at the school's first Open Day: "Woolverstone Hall is not a conventional imitation of a public school. It is a new experiment in boarding education by a local authority. It is intended to provide for all classes of the community—the sole basis of selection being the standard attained at the common entrance stage. The selection of pupils is exactly the same as that for day schools with an academic curriculum and a sixth-form course.

"The school is designed to meet the needs of modern democratic society, and the governors hope that it will train boys in service to the community rather than in attaining privilege for themselves."

The London County Council acquired Woolverstone Hall in 1946. The Hall proper, the house from which the school has taken its name, is a mansion in the Adam style built in 1776. It enjoys a most delightful situation and the views from its windows must be some of the finest in all Britain. The estate is 56 acres in extent, and it commands magnificent vistas of the Suffolk countryside, and the River Orwell with its estuary—typifying that blend of sea and land which is the particular beauty of this part of East Anglia.

When the London County Council first acquired the property it was used to rehouse the London Nautical School. The accommodation then consisted of the mansion itself, a large stable block and some fifty Nissen huts erected by the Admiralty during the war.

The London County Council had for some time had doubts about the type of training offered to boys who intended to make their careers on the sea and about this time consulted with the Admiralty and the British Shipping Federation about the type of pre-sea training those two bodies would like to see offered to boys who intended to enter either the Royal or the Merchant Navy.

The concensus of opinion was that the most important thing in the early days of a boy's school career was to give him a sound education in the usual academic subjects, and to offer, at the same time, some practical training in nautical matters.

WOOLVERSTONE HALL : This is the terrace on one wing of the mansion, which is at present the focal-point of the new boarding-school.

SETTING OUT FOR A SAIL ON THE RIVER ORWELL : Boys of Woolverstone Hall manning one of their sailing-craft in the estuary waters.

Therefore, in September 1951, as an experiment initially, the London Nautical School was reorganised. Woolverstone was freed for a new purpose—a secondary boarding-school for boys of high ability. The pupils were recruited for an academic curriculum, on the results of the Common Entrance tests. A graduate staff was engaged and nautical instruction, which until that time had formed the hard core of the curriculum, became for younger boys an extra-curricular activity and for older boys a specialist subject to which they could increasingly give their time if they intended to make a career at sea. So Woolverstone Hall came into being—the newest and latest boarding-school.

No fees are payable for tuition at the school, but parents are required to contribute towards the cost of boarding in accordance with an approved scale which takes into account the individual means of the parent. Recruitment to the school is on ability, and on no other basis.

Since the school is so delightfully situated every advantage is taken of opportunities to get out of doors. During the summertime the school work is concentrated in the mornings, and afternoons are free for games and other activities—these include swimming, sailing, gardening, visits of various sorts to places of interest, cricket, athletics and archery.

In the winter two afternoons a week are spent in school. The other afternoons are divided between winter hobbies and activities; there is a choice of photography, art, printing, model railways, cars and aeroplanes, stamps, sailing and seamanship, librarianship, dancing, dramatics and surveying. No one could complain of lack of variety or catholicity of taste when confronted by such a list of alternatives.

The progress of the school during its first year was watched with some anxiety, but after inspection by both Ministry and Council educational staff and their ensuing favourable reports, the Council decided to go ahead with its project for a planned development of the site and the building of a whole range of new buildings.

This development, now being discussed with the Ministry of Education, includes building and adaptation work to the value of £300,000, and in its conception of the finished scheme the Council set its architects no easy task.

It was decided that the eighteenth-century mansion, the original Woolverstone Hall, should be preserved as the dominant central feature of the scheme, its function being to give the whole range of buildings a focal point architecturally as well as traditionally. At the same time it was felt that the new buildings should be æsthetically honest and reflect in style and materials the age which created them. To achieve these two aims it was agreed to make the modern buildings of such scale and proportion as to harmonise with and be subordinate to the mansion, so that they might form a fitting setting for its time-enhanced beauty. Above all else, the amenities and natural beauty of the site had to be safeguarded.

The dormitory buildings for the boys will be two-storey structures grouped in three pairs around the central dining-hall assembly block, and communicating with it by a series of colonnades; this will bring the whole group into a satisfying architectural relationship and should make for a very striking effect.

What more will be needed to the making of a school? Perhaps only one thing—tradition.

Woolverstone Hall can be not the proud inheritor of tradition that others have made, but, more proudly, the originator of tradition for generations yet to come.

And if, in one sense, the school is making tradition as it goes, in another its traditions run very deep indeed. For this school reflects London's consciousness of its historic associations with the sea and its proud place as the greatest city and seaport of the world. It is heartening to reflect that London, in all the multiplicity of its developing interests, has not forgotten the primal importance of the river which runs through its heart.

THE AUSTRALIAN CAPTAIN, LINDSAY HASSETT, IS CAUGHT BY BAILEY OFF BEDSER'S BOWLING: This was the end of Hassett's fine innings of 104, in which he showed the way towards an Australian victory in the second Test, only to find that England was capable of holding her own. In his second innings, Hassett was caught by Evans off Statham's bowling.

LORD'S and HENLEY

England Battles Her Way to an Unexpected Draw in the Second Test; The Ladies' Plate and the Diamond Sculls

England entered the lists for the second Test with a feeling that victory was in the air. Australia won the toss and at the end of her first innings of 346 it seemed that solid batting by England was all that was needed to ensure success. That solid batting was at first forthcoming, with Hutton and Graveney and then Compton in grand form. After that came a Lindwall-made collapse, and fortune fluctuated this way and that until the penultimate evening, when England lost 3 wickets for 20 and all seemed lost. During the nail-biting day that succeeded, Compton, Watson, Bailey and Brown saved England, and so, with two Tests played and with no decision in either, the Test series remains completely open. Lindwall and Bedser are doubtless the two decisive factors, for both still have the ability to swing the fortunes of a match in the matter of a few overs. And so on to Old Trafford, and may the weather hold.

THREE OF THE MEN WHO HELD THE FORT FOR ENGLAND: *Left*—Watson hitting out during the course of his glorious innings of 109, which staved off defeat. *Centre*—Bailey, who made 71, seen during his grand partnership with Watson. *Right*—Denis Compton, who did well in both innings, making a characteristic scoring stroke to leg. In both innings it took a really good ball to dismiss Compton, who has clearly regained his confidence and is back to his old form.

THE SCENE AT HENLEY ROYAL REGATTA—THE FINISH OF HEAT 5 OF THE LADIES' PLATE ON THE SECOND DAY: The Radley College crew are seen about to take the lead from Queen's College, to win the race by three-quarters of a length. On the first day of the Regatta Radley College won against King's of Cambridge in the fast time of 6 mins. 59 secs. This was a very great victory of a school team over a University crew. The rowing of the school teams generally has won much praise from all who saw the Regatta.

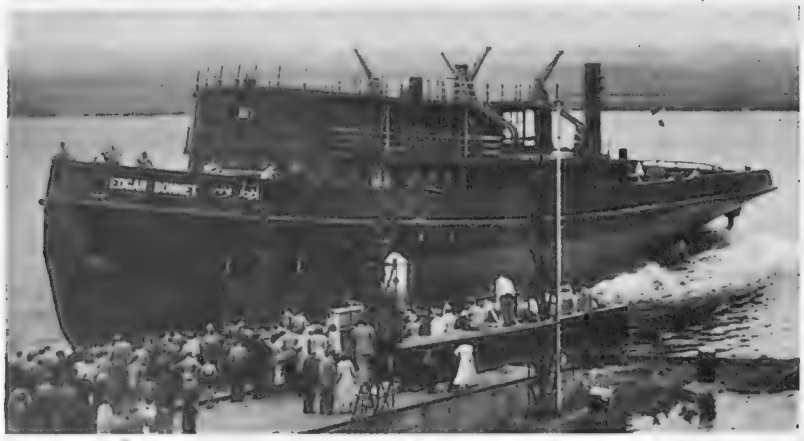
Inset on right—
A VICTOR'S SMILE FROM T. A. FOX, OF LONDON ROWING CLUB, AFTER BEATING P. MEYER, OF ZURICH, IN THE DIAMOND SCULLS: Fox won the heat by 1½ lengths in a time of 8 mins. 4 secs. This was a notable victory and great consolation to the onlookers, who had just seen S. C. Rand, of the R.A.F., beaten by Steenacker, of Belgium. The strong following wind which was blowing was responsible for some of the very fast times which were set up.

NEW SHAPES ASHORE AND AFLOAT

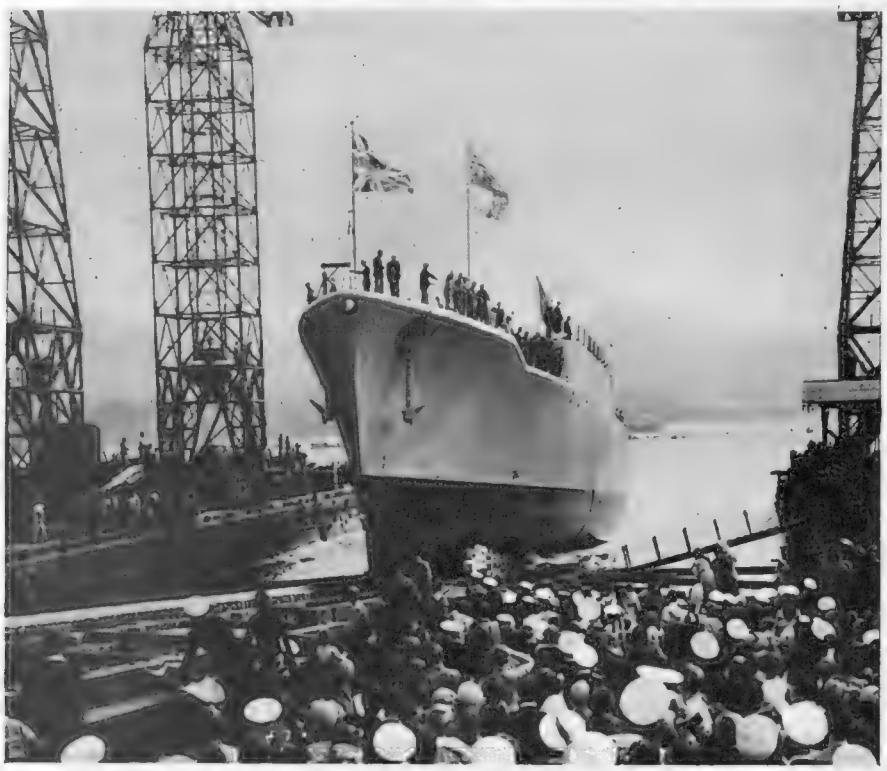
Launchings at Home and Abroad; a New Campbeltown Lifeboat; Electricity from Wind-power; the "Elizabethan" Express; a New Diesel Locomotive in America

On left—

THE LAUNCHING OF THE M.V. "FLEETBANK" IN NORTHERN IRELAND—A NEW SHIP BUILT BY HARLAND AND WOLFF AT BELFAST : The *Fleetbank* displaces 5,800 tons and was built for the Andrew Weir Shipping and Trading Company, Ltd. She is the third of a group of six vessels ordered from Harland and Wolff; the two previously-built ships are the *Beaverbank* and *Nessbank*. The *Fleetbank* is designed on modern lines, with a raked stem rounded above the waterline, a cruiser stern, two masts and a single oval-shaped funnel with a raked top. The propelling machinery consists of a 6-cylinder cross-head Diesel engine of the Harland-B. and W. latest design.



THE TWIN-SCREW MOTOR TUG "EDGAR BONNET," SEEN AS SHE WAS LAUNCHED AT KINDERDYK, HOLLAND : The *Edgar Bonnet*, which was built at the L. Smit and Zoon shipyards at Kinderdyk, is claimed to be the strongest sea-going tug in the world, and has been built for the Suez Canal Company. The tug is named after the late vice-president of the Suez Canal Company, who died in 1942. There is accommodation for a crew of thirty-six, and the tug, which is 156 ft. long, is powered by twin Diesel Smit-M.A.N. engines, giving a pull of 55 tons. During recent trials she made 15 knots, running free.



A PREFABRICATED SHIP TAKES THE WATER : This is H.M.S. *Salisbury*, the first of the new type of aircraft-direction frigates, seen going down the slipway during her launching at the Royal Naval Dockyard, Devonport. The *Salisbury* was constructed by prefabricated methods and is 340 ft. long overall, with a beam of 40 ft. Her main task will be to give early warning of the approach of hostile aircraft and to direct fighters to their targets. Powerful radar apparatus will be used for this purpose. The cost of construction will be more than £1,000,000.

THE NEW R.N.L.I. LIFEBOAT "CITY OF GLASGOW II" ON HER WAY TO HER STATION AT CAMPBELTOWN, KINTYRE, SCOTLAND : This Barnett-type lifeboat, with midship steering, has a length of 52 ft. and a beam of 13 ft. 6 ins. She is powered by a pair of 60-h.p. Diesel engines giving a speed of nearly 9 knots, and is equipped with radio-telegraphy receiving and transmitting apparatus. In fine weather her safe capacity is for 145 persons, and in rough weather 100. The *City of Glasgow II*, built at a cost of about £31,000, replaces an older lifeboat which is being sent for survey to the Clyde, where she will remain in reserve.

On left—

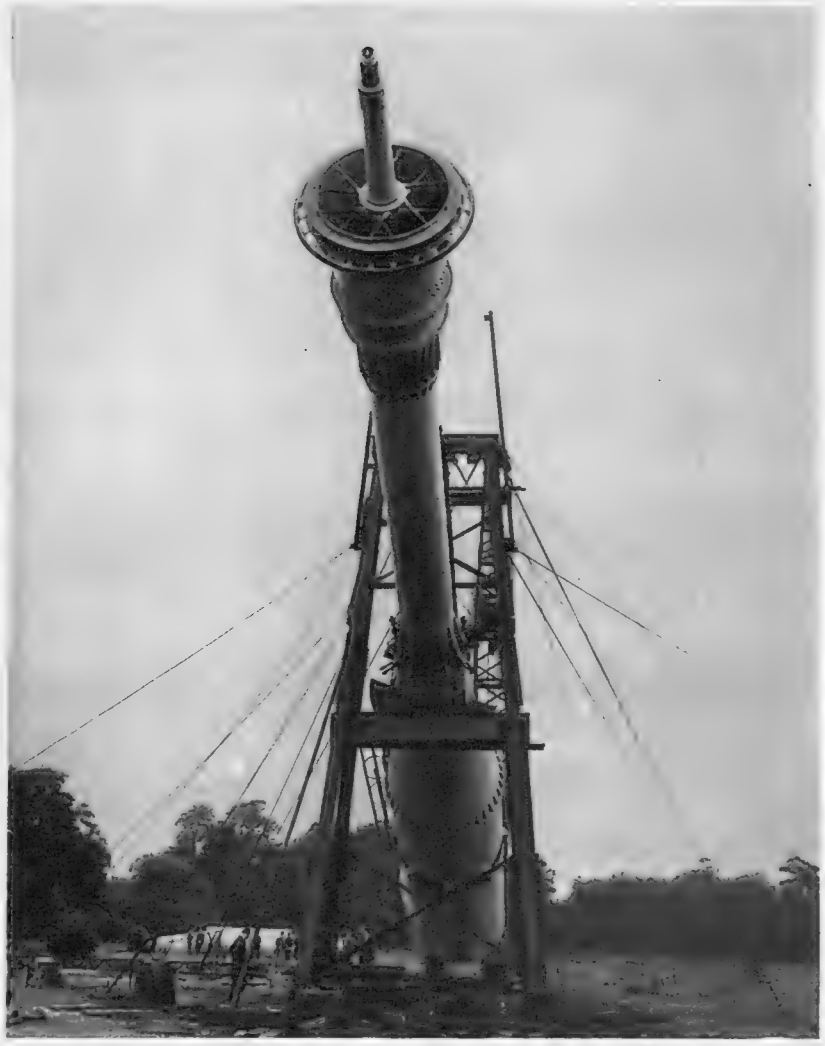
A BRITISH-BUILT WARSHIP LAUNCHED FOR VENEZUELA : The 2,600-ton destroyer *Zulia* going down the slipway at Vickers-Armstrong's yard at Barrow-in-Furness after her launching by Senora Viloria, the wife of the chief of the Venezuelan Naval Mission. *Zulia* is the second of three ships ordered by Venezuela. The first was launched last November, and the keel of the third vessel has now been laid.

ENERGY FROM THE WIND—A VIEW OF PART OF THE EXHIBITION SITE NEAR ST. ALBANS, HERTS: The exhibition was organised by Enfield Cables, Ltd., and showed apparatus that could be used to convert wind into electricity. Seen examining a part of one of the generators in this picture are, from left to right: Mr. E. W. Golding, a research assistant; Sir Ralph Sorley, Chief Executive of De Havilland Propellers; Mr. S. Chaplin, of Enfield Cables; Mr. Walker, chief engineer of the de Havilland Airscrew Company; and Sir Harold Roxbee Cox, chief scientist to the Ministry of Fuel and Power. The Exhibition, "Energy from the Wind," which is being held at St. Albans by Enfield Cables, Ltd., is claimed to be unique. It contains some of the most up-to-date electrical generating equipment and a wide range of different types of apparatus. The propellers of the 100-ft., 100-kilowatt generator, one of the most important exhibits, are revolutionary in design in that they are hollow.

Among the many other exhibits on show are some smaller generators that the British Electricity Authority propose to erect in Wales. Local residents who have objected to the scheme on the grounds that the generators would be unsightly have been invited to St. Albans by the Ministry of Fuel and Power so that they may see that the generators are not "unsightly."

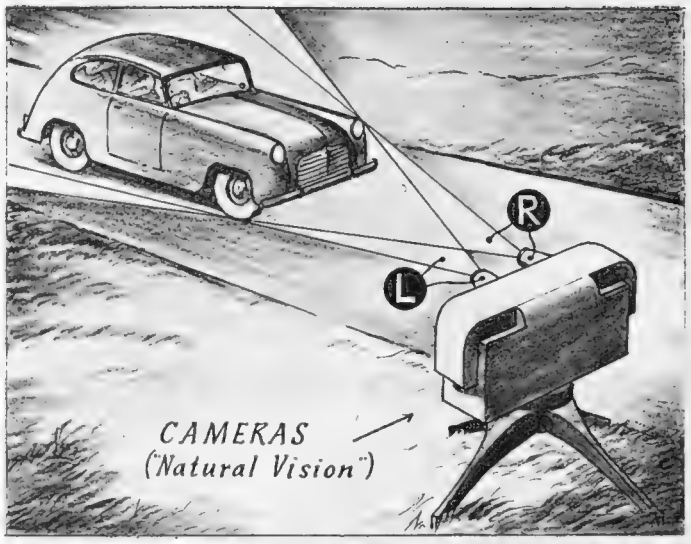
AN 8·5-METRE ANEMO-ELECTRIC POWER PLANT: This smaller generator was manufactured in France to the order of Enfield Cables, Ltd., for the Ministry of Fuel and Power.

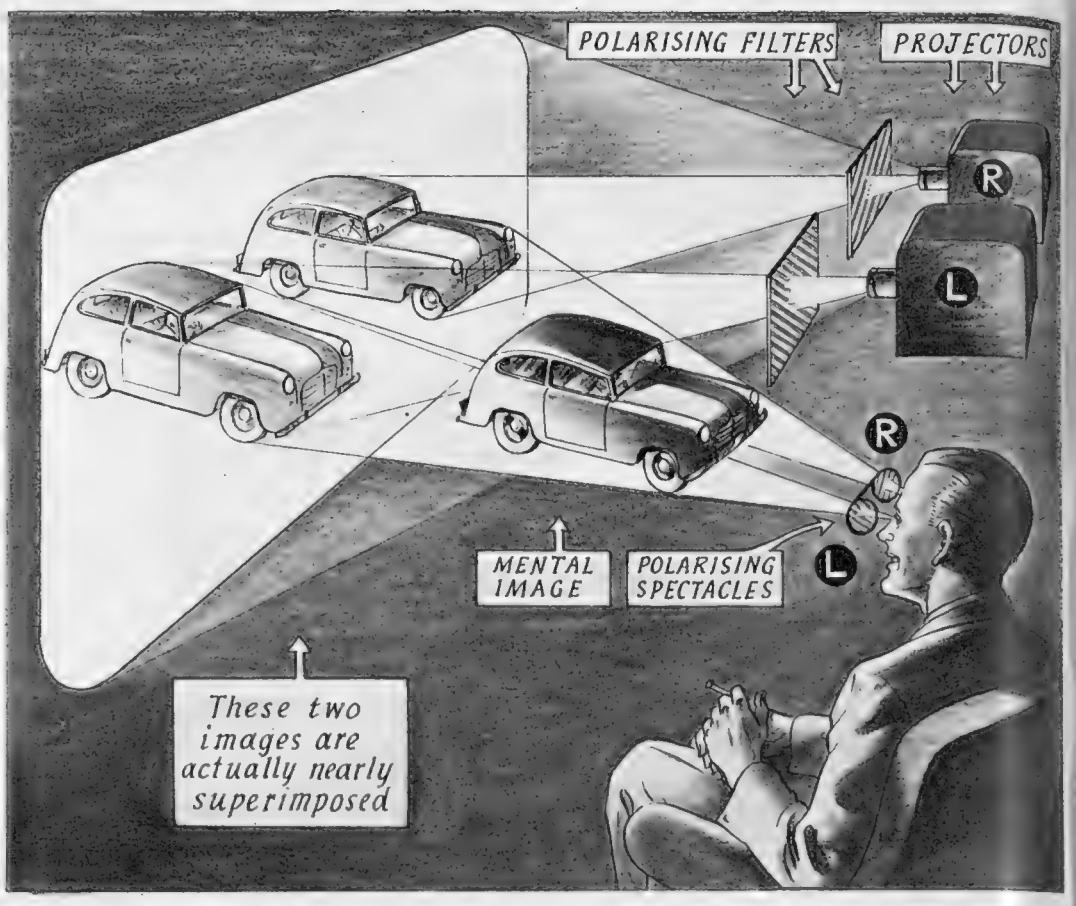
THE WORLD'S MOST POWERFUL SINGLE-ENGINED DIESEL LOCOMOTIVE: This giant locomotive, called the "Train Master," was exhibited for the first time at the end of June by Fairbanks, Morse and Company at the Railway Supply Manufacturers' Association's exhibition in Atlantic City, New Jersey. The "Train Master" locomotive develops 2,400 h.p.



ERECTING PART OF A 100-KILOWATT WIND GENERATOR AT ST. ALBANS: This is part of the 100-ft. tower, which is to have propeller blades of hollow aluminium alloy. As the blades rotate, they will push out air by centrifugal force and form a suction. The air which is drawn through the tower will turn the generating turbines.

THE "ELIZABETHAN," BRITAIN'S LATEST AND FASTEST EXPRESS, LEAVING KING'S CROSS STATION AT THE START OF ITS NON-STOP RUN TO EDINBURGH: The express made its inaugural journey on June 29, leaving London at 9.35 a.m. and arriving at Waverley Station, Edinburgh, at 4.15 p.m.—five minutes early and in the fastest time ever scheduled for the world's longest daily non-stop run. The train covers the 392¾ miles between the two capitals in 6 hours, 45 mins., travelling at an average of 58 m.p.h. and reaching speeds of 90 m.p.h. in places. The "Elizabethan" comprises eleven coaches, pulled by a Pacific-type locomotive, and has a total weight of 400 tons. Before the war the "Coronation" train made the same journey in six hours, but this train was 100 tons lighter than the "Elizabethan."





ONE METHOD OF PRODUCING A THREE-DIMENSIONAL ILLUSION IN THE CINEMA : This is the process known as "Natural Vision." The diagram above shows how the image is photographed from two different points of view, just as the two eyes of an observer would record them in the brain. The diagram *on the right* shows how twin projectors are used to throw the two separate but nearly superimposed images on a reflective-type screen. The images are reflected back to the observer, who is equipped with Polaroid glasses which serve to accept the correct image for each eye while rejecting the image not intended for that eye. A very successful three-dimensional effect is thus produced. The enforced use of polarised glasses, however, is a very obvious disadvantage to the observer, who finds them tiring after a time. So long as stereoscopy depends on the wearing of special glasses, audiences will tend to resist such inconveniences.

THE THIRD DIMENSION IN THE CINEMA

A Discussion of the Merits of 3-D Films and the Various Techniques Whereby the Illusion of Depth is Achieved

By FORSYTH HARDY

WITH DIAGRAMS BY LESLIE S. HAYWOOD

THERE is a story current among film people of an exhibitor who proudly announced the premiere of a new three-dimensional film. The production was extensively publicised and after much preliminary drum-beating was duly shown. But the results were not quite what the exhibitor expected. The double film made for complications in the projection-box, the audience found the wearing of spectacles a nuisance, and the film's few moments of visual excitement did not offer enough compensation to the audience. After a few days the exhibitor dispensed with the second projector, discarded the spectacles and showed the film in the flat. The audience seemed grateful for the opportunity of enjoying the film's story, such as it was, without encumbrances, and the exhibitor resisted the temptation of advertising it as "The first stereoscopic film to be shown in two dimensions."

Apocryphal or not, the story tends to place "the new revolution in the cinema" in a rather more coldly realistic light than has been usual during the past few months. It emphasises that so long as stereoscopy depends on the wearing of spectacles so long will audiences tend to resist such inconveniences. It also reminds us that the basic appeal of a film will always lie in the story it has to tell, and that no amount of visual elaboration is a substitute for narrative shortcomings.

However, even the most sceptical observer—and my inclinations are in this direction—must note that the film world is in a state of ferment. It is clear that there will be changes in the form of the film. No one knows as yet how great they will be or how widely the films in their new shape will be shown. The most cautious estimate is that stereoscopy will be only a passing novelty, with a few months' life ; the boldest, that by the end of the year no more flat films will be made.

Stereoscopy, we must remember, is not a new idea in the cinema. The efforts to create the illusion of movement on the screen were accompanied from the beginning by attempts to produce a three-dimensional image in animation. In the '30's a number of stereoscopic short films were made which used red and blue filter glasses and gave a convincing illusion of reality. There were reports of elaborate stereoscopic experiments in Russia and of at least one successful feature film, a version of *Robinson Crusoe*.

More recently, for the Festival of Britain, several short experimental stereoscopic films were made. In the artistic sense these went much further than anything we have so far seen from Hollywood in the new wave of enthusiasm for stereoscopy. Norman McLaren, the brilliant young Scots-Canadian artist, used the new dimension to express his ideas in abstract design, and his patterns dancing in space offered a new æsthetic experience. The colour film on the Thames made more conventional use of the new dimension, yet it gained immensely from the sense of space and distance.

If stereoscopy has been within the cinema's reach for some time, why has interest been suddenly whipped up in it ? The reasons, as we might expect in a commercial medium like the cinema, are economic. The loss of cinema audiences to television in the United States, coupled with the increasing costs of film production, has sent the film-makers in search of a new means of enticing audiences back to the picture-houses. Twenty-five years ago one of the Hollywood companies, Warner Brothers, found the answer to their financial embarrassment in the sound-film. To-day all the companies, feeling the effect of dwindling audiences and increasing costs, are looking to the new dimension to do what sound did in 1928.

It is worth pausing a moment, I think, to contrast the two changes in the film medium. Their effect is entirely different. Sound gave to the film-maker a new means of reaching the consciousness, brought a new sense within his reach. On the other hand, stereoscopy represents merely a more elaborate use of the visual sense. A larger screen with greater depth of vision does not represent a change comparable to the addition of sound. It would be unwise to confuse a cautious attitude towards stereoscopy with a failure to distinguish between the nature of the changes in the cinema.

So far I have been referring *simpliciter* to stereoscopy, as if there were only one method of achieving the illusion of a third dimension. To correct this impression I should quote the Hollywood columnist, who wrote the other day : "Things were quiet in Hollywood last week. For a change, nobody announced a new three-dimensional process." It is possible to make a broad distinction between the numerous systems.

In one group two cameras have been used, one representing the right and the other the left eye. Similarly, two pictures are projected on the screen which, when the spectator wears polarised glasses, are fused into a single three-dimensional image. This principle of the double lens and the double projector is fundamental to true stereoscopy, and there is at present no alternative to the wearing of polarised spectacles to complete the illusion for the spectator.

The other systems give the illusion of stereoscopy by the use of an expanded picture and an enlarged concave screen. The expansion of the picture may be achieved by the use of three projectors throwing a giant panoramic image on the screen, as in Cinerama ; or by the use of a single projector with a special lens, producing on a concave screen an image about two-and-a-half times the size of the present picture. This is the 20th Century-Fox system, CinemaScope.

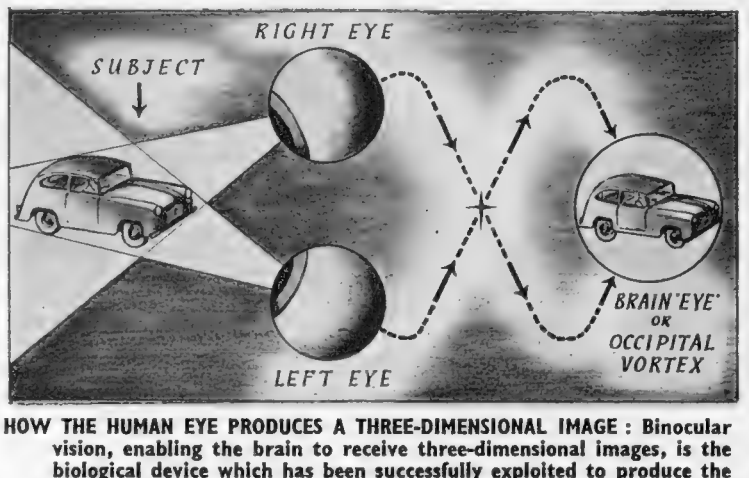
So far, only stereoscopic films from the first group have been generally seen in Britain. None of them have given more than a hint of the use the cinema may make of its new dimension. Although it would be foolish to draw conclusions from such evidence, it might be worth while putting some impressions on record.

Bwana Devil claims the distinction of being the first feature-length 3-D film, and it would not be too hard on the production to suggest that that is its only distinction. In two dimensions its story of trouble among native railway workers up country in Uganda over two man-eating lions would not have held the interest of the most unexacting film-goer.

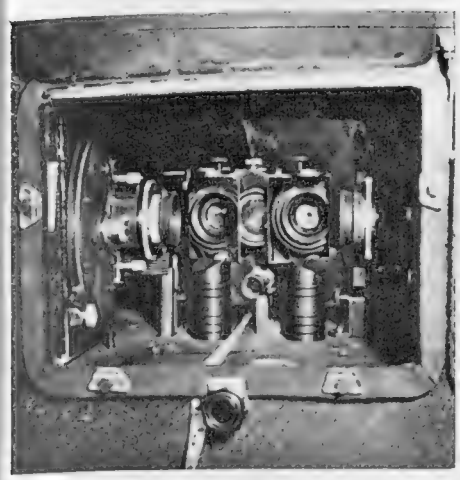
But does the film give the illusion of depth on the screen ? The effect varies considerably in intensity, but in its most successful sequences the film is genuinely three-dimensional. When figures are seen out of doors there is a feeling of middle distance and of far-away horizon. The most dramatic single moment in the film occurs when an angry tribesman suddenly hurls a spear at his enemy—and it seems to be flying straight at the audience. (On the other hand, I must have been looking the other way during the much-publicised moment when a lion should have landed in my lap.) The most persuasive illustration of the intensifying effect of stereoscopy is the lion-hunt sequence, with the encircling natives gradually closing in on the cornered animal.

Bwana Devil is a product of the Natural Vision process, using two cameras and projecting (simultaneously on the screen) two images in superimposition which become one when the audience sees the film through polarised spectacles.

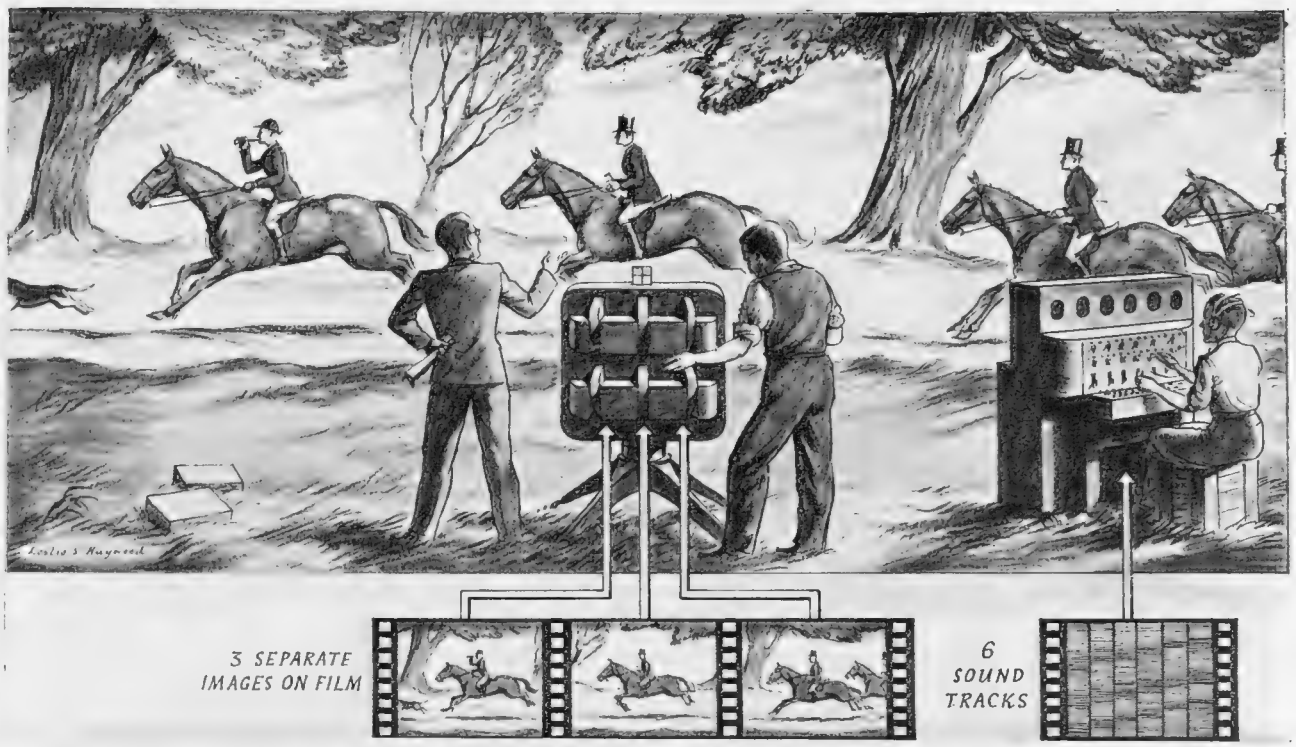
Man in the Dark, the second three-dimensional film to be shown, has also a story which limits its interest and importance as a film. Its tale of a criminal who undergoes a brain operation resulting in a complete loss of memory and becomes involved with his associates seeking the whereabouts of stolen property is trivial enough not to warrant any attention. The film employs a few visual tricks to remind us that it is three-dimensional but in general it does not hold any significant development in the use of stereoscopy.

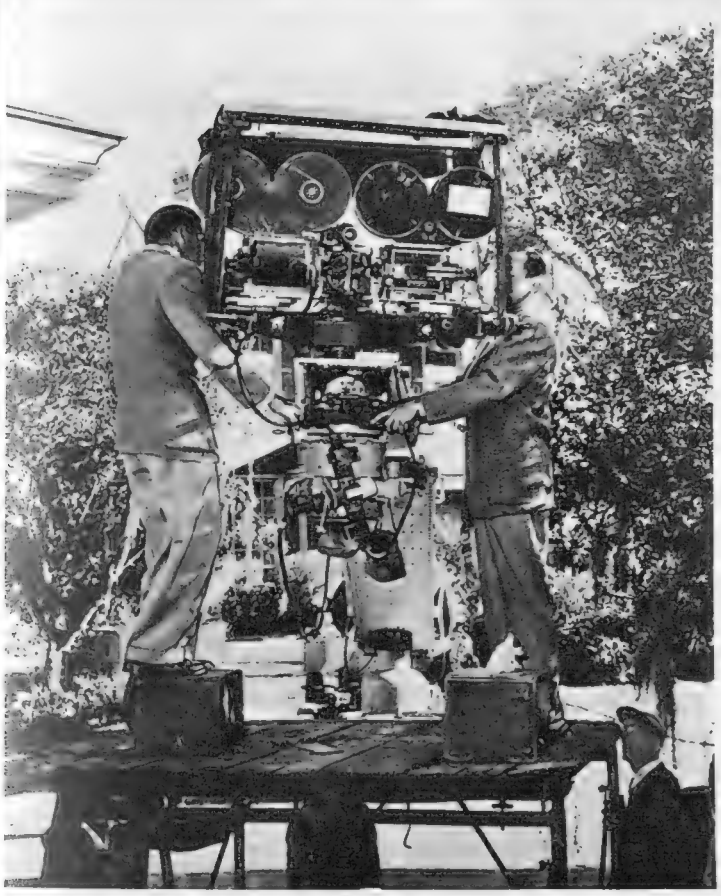


HOW THE HUMAN EYE PRODUCES A THREE-DIMENSIONAL IMAGE : Binocular vision, enabling the brain to receive three-dimensional images, is the biological device which has been successfully exploited to produce the illusion of a three-dimensional picture on the flat screen of a cinema.



THE COMPLICATED ENGINES OF THREE-DIMENSIONAL PHOTOGRAPHY : *Above*—A binocular camera used for making the stereoscopic films which are viewed through special glasses. The two lenses are placed as far apart as the human eyes. *Below*—Photographers of one of the big American companies focusing a double camera used in producing three-dimensional films by the process known as Paravision. *Sangaree*, the first film to be made by this process, is also photographed in full colour.





THE CINERAMA—ANOTHER METHOD OF ACHIEVING A THREE-DIMENSIONAL EFFECT IN THE CINEMA : The diagram above shows the three-lens camera used for this "panoramic" process, recording the scene on three separate strips of film. Sound is on six separate tracks, recorded on a single 35-mm. magnetic film.

On right—**THE PROJECTION OF THE CINERAMA FILM.** Three synchronised projectors throw images on to a three-part curvilinear screen, while the sound is amplified through loudspeakers placed behind the screen, at the sides of the auditorium and even at the back of the auditorium. The vision control and sound engineers' booths are at the centre and right of the screen. This is the most elaborate of the systems using a curved screen. A similar device, known as the CinemaScope, was demonstrated in London last week, when it received a mixed reception from the critics.

At the moment of writing the most ambitious three-dimensional film has been *The House of Wax*. This is an attempt to exploit the horrific potentialities of stereoscopy, a macabre aim in which it achieves some success. The story is set in part in a wax museum whose proprietor, driven insane by a fire which destroys his exhibits, has the ghoulish idea of restocking it with models made from wax-encrusted corpses. The three-dimensional cameras make something gruesomely exciting of the events in this chamber of horrors and elsewhere in the film increase the tension of such scenes as a body falling down a lift-shaft and the nick-of-time rescue from the boiling cauldron which forms the climax.

Not the least significant thing about *The House of Wax* is that it is a new version of a film made by the same company, Warner Brothers, some twenty years ago : *The Mystery of the Wax Museum*. In other words, we are offered not a new experience but an intensification of an old one. The third dimension is going to mean little if it is used merely as a means of re-issuing old stories which had little to commend them originally.

So far, I have been discussing stereoscopy achieved by the use of twin cameras, twin projectors and polaroid spectacles. As one expert has put it, " True 3-D requires that our two eyes are presented with two slightly different views of a scene, since the appearance of solidity which we normally experience is derived from the two dissimilar images focused in the right and left eyes."

There are, however, other systems which give the illusion of depth by curving the screen and making it much wider than normal. For these systems, which the purists would dismiss as having little connection with stereoscopy, it is unnecessary to wear spectacles.

The most elaborate of the systems is Cinerama, which has been filling the Broadway Theatre in New York since September of last year. This system uses three cameras and three projectors, throwing on to its vast screen an image about six times the normal size. The only possible justification for such a system is the projection of great spectacles, and that is indeed the use being made of it in the first and so far the only programme created for it.

I remember well seeing the system at work in Edinburgh two years ago when the unit visited the city to record, in colour, the Tattoo on the Castle Esplanade, one of the features of the Edinburgh Festival. Normally given after dark, the Tattoo was staged in daylight, under a bright sun and a sky only flecked with cloud. The conditions seemed right for an exciting spectacle.

This is one of the items included in the Cinerama programme, with the Piazza San Marco and the Grand Canal in Venice, a bull-ring in Spain, the Vienna Boys' Choir, and fifteen minutes from a production of *Aida* at La Scala, Milan. One part of the programme consists of a helicopter tour of the United States, called " America the Beautiful," and there is a record of a ride in a roller-coaster.

Cinerama has proved immensely popular and it is not difficult, at this distance, to understand why. It offers a display of spectacle, as near as possible to the real thing, available through no other medium of entertainment. One commentator has described it aptly as " an optical binge." Even without first-hand experience of it I think two points may be made. One is that the material composing the programmes for Cinerama must be limited to large-scale spectacle if the maximum result is to be obtained from the system : it is difficult to imagine a panoramic screen of this kind being used for the portrayal of intimate drama. The other point is that the cost of putting on the Cinerama programme precludes the possibility of its adoption in any but the largest cinemas in the cities.

This second qualification does not apply to the more modest version of Cinerama known as CinemaScope, to which one of the Hollywood companies, 20th Century-Fox, has committed itself. This system uses only one projector and a specially-adjusted lens to throw on a concave screen an image about two-and-a-half times the size of the normal picture. Many cinemas could install this system.

At present the scene is confused in the film industry and it is by no means clear what form films will take in the future. The issue appears to lie between stereoscopy with the additional visual excitements which the system will surely produce and some device for an enlarged screen which will make possible the presentation of spectacle. The chief handicap to the adoption of 3-D is the glasses which must be worn : if it were possible to dispense with these, the outlook for genuine three-dimensional films would be much more hopeful.

Film-makers in Britain have adopted a cautious attitude to the new cinema forms. A typical comment was made by Sir Michael Balcon : " There is probably a case for a larger screen, because we did take something from the size of the screen with the advent of sound. I was very impressed with some of the large-screen demonstrations that are achieved by simple adjustment and do not require any alteration of production tempo. Some of the stereophonic sound was also impressive. But the whole thing is being approached on novelty lines and, when the novelty wears off, we shall be back where we started. Ealing will wait and see, and I think many of the American companies will decide to do the same."

My personal conviction is that 3-D will not conquer the cinemas as sound-films did twenty-five years ago : the inconvenience of wearing spectacles will tend to outweigh the titillating appeal of stereoscopy. On the other hand, I believe that many cinemas will experiment with the wide screen. In the confused picture of the situation on both sides of the Atlantic, the few solid signs seem to point to this as the most likely outcome.

A SURVEY OF THE HOME NEWS

Breaking Up the "Warspite"; Sportsmen Receive the Accolade; King Feisal's Gift to the Queen; An Undergraduate Expedition to Lake Tana, Ethiopia; Horse Trials in Cheshire; Plays on the Cornish Cliffs and at Ludlow Castle; Young Pilgrims Leave for Canterbury

On left—

BREAKING UP THE WRECK OF THE OLD BATTLESHIP "WARSPITE" AGROUND IN MOUNT'S BAY, CORNWALL: The *Warspite* went on the rocks at Prussia Cove, Mount's Bay, in 1947, when she broke adrift during a gale while being towed to the breaker's yard on the Clyde. Later she was refloated, but as she was being towed away a leak was discovered in her boiler-room and she was beached again on the sands at Marazion, a few miles from Prussia Cove. Now the wreck has been cut in two, and this picture, taken from the bows, shows how the two parts of the noble old ship have been completely separated.

TWO GREAT SPORTSMEN ARE HONOURED BY THE QUEEN—SIR GORDON RICHARDS AND SIR JACK HOBBS AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE: Sir Gordon Richards, with his wife and daughter, and Sir Jack Hobbs, with his wife and daughter-in-law, are seen after receiving the accolade. Both were made Knights Bachelor, as announced in the Coronation Honours List. To Sir Gordon the Queen wished the best of luck for the remainder of the flat-racing season, and of Sir Jack Hobbs she inquired whether he would be going to the Test match at Lord's. The Investiture was the first to be held since the Coronation. The Queen bestowed the accolade on twenty-three recipients in the various Orders and on fifty-nine Knights Bachelor.

A GIFT FROM KING FEISAL OF IRAQ TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN—CROWN PRINCE ABDULILLAH WITH THE FINE ARAB STALLION, SAGLAWI: Crown Prince Abdulillah, who is King Feisal's uncle, presented the stallion to Captain C. Moore, the Queen's racing manager, before returning to Iraq after his Coronation visit to this country. The presentation took place at Bushey Lodge, Hampton Court, which is the present home of the Royal Stud.

CAMBRIDGE UNDERGRADUATES LEAVE ON AN EXPEDITION TO LAKE TANA, ETHIOPIA: The undergraduates are seen at Buckhurst Hill, Essex, where they were about to leave for Dover on the first stage of their journey. They are (from left to right) H. A. L. Ferguson, J. C. Astwood, J. G. Esplen (leader of the expedition), C. T. Barnes and J. Deuchars. The expedition has the backing of the Royal Geographical Society and the University Department of Geography, and the students will make a general geographical survey of the economic and social conditions of the Lake Tana area. They will drive to Ethiopia through France, Spain, Gibraltar and along the North African coast, returning in September via Turkey and Southern Europe.

FIELD MARSHAL LORD ALEXANDER TALKING TO A CANADIAN VISITOR AFTER UNVEILING A CROSS OF SACRIFICE IN THE CANADIAN SECTION OF BROOKWOOD CEMETERY, SURREY: He is shaking hands with Mrs. Albert Dore, of Paris, Ontario, President of the Silver Cross Association, who travelled from Canada especially for the ceremony at Brookwood. After unveiling the Cross, Lord Alexander, as patron of the Canadian Veterans' Association of the United Kingdom, laid a wreath on the memorial. A wreath was also laid by Lady Alexander on behalf of the Independent Order of the Daughters of the Empire.

THE BRITISH HORSE SOCIETY'S SHOW AT MALPAS, CHESHIRE, TAKES PLACE IN A SETTING DOMINATED BY CHOLMONDELEY CASTLE : The two-day event, which was held in the grounds of Cholmondeley Castle, drew a very good entry. In addition to the ordinary tests there were two special show-jumping competitions — for grade A and grade C horses. The winner of the grade A competition was Lieut.-Colonel H. M. Llewellyn, on Foxhunter.

On left—
MR. GEORGE MEANEY, PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF LABOUR, VISITS LONDON : Mr. Meaney, his waistcoat pocket well stocked with cigars, gave a Press conference at Claridges before leaving for Stockholm, to attend the Congress of the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions. He is fifty-eight and succeeded the late Mr. William Green as President of the A.F.L. last November. For the past thirty years he has been a trade union leader, and during the war was a member of Roosevelt's War Labour Cabinet.

THE RUGGED CLIFFS OF THE CORNISH COAST PROVIDE A NATURAL BACKCLOTH FOR "THE LOVELIEST THEATRE IN EUROPE" : A general view of the scene during a performance of *The Almond Tree*, presented by the Cornish Drama Fellowship at the Minack Cliff Theatre at Porthcurno, near Penzance. This remarkable open-air theatre has been described as "the loveliest in Europe."

LONDON'S YOUTH PILGRIMAGE TO CANTERBURY : A party of young men and women pilgrims walking down Ludgate Hill on their way to Canterbury from St. Paul's Cathedral, where they had attended a special commissioning service conducted by Dr. J. W. C. Wand, the Bishop of London. The first stage of their journey on foot to Canterbury took them to the Chapter House at Southwark, where they spent the night before continuing along the old Pilgrims' Way.

MILTON'S MASQUE AT LUDLOW CASTLE—"COMUS" IN ITS ORIGINAL SETTING : The actors, some of them local amateurs, enact the masque beneath the crumbling battlements of Ludlow Castle, in Shropshire. The play was produced by David Williams, who also took the part of the Attendant Spirit. Comus was played by John Westbrook and Marion Milford was Sabrina. Many of the lesser roles were taken by local amateur actors, who also performed the folk dances. *Comus* received its first production in 1634 at Ludlow Castle, and the object of this present-day performance is to assist the restoration of Ludlow Parish Church, one of the largest in England and linked throughout its long history with Ludlow Castle.

The Sphere of Travel

THROUGH THE ALPINE GATEWAY INTO NORTHERN ITALY

A Journey to the Valley of Aosta, the Dolomites, and Trieste, and then on into Yugoslavia

PASSING through the Alpine gateways into Northern Italy brings the traveller either into the Aosta Valley and Piedmont, or, farther to the east, into the Dolomites. While the last-named part of Italy has always attracted a considerable number of tourists, the two other regions have remained almost unknown, except for fleeting glances through a railway-carriage window. This is a pity, for they both possess much attractive scenery and a number of interesting towns.

The Autonomous Valley of Aosta is one of Europe's curious anomalies, for though it is an integral part of Italy, it exercises self-government to quite an extraordinary degree, and its language and heritage are French. The people, too, are exempt from Italian taxation, although they have their own local taxes, lightened, however, by the handsome income derived from the highly profitable Casino in St.-Vincent, where the players, some of them rich industrialists from Milan and Turin, engage in stakes which are quite the largest in Europe.

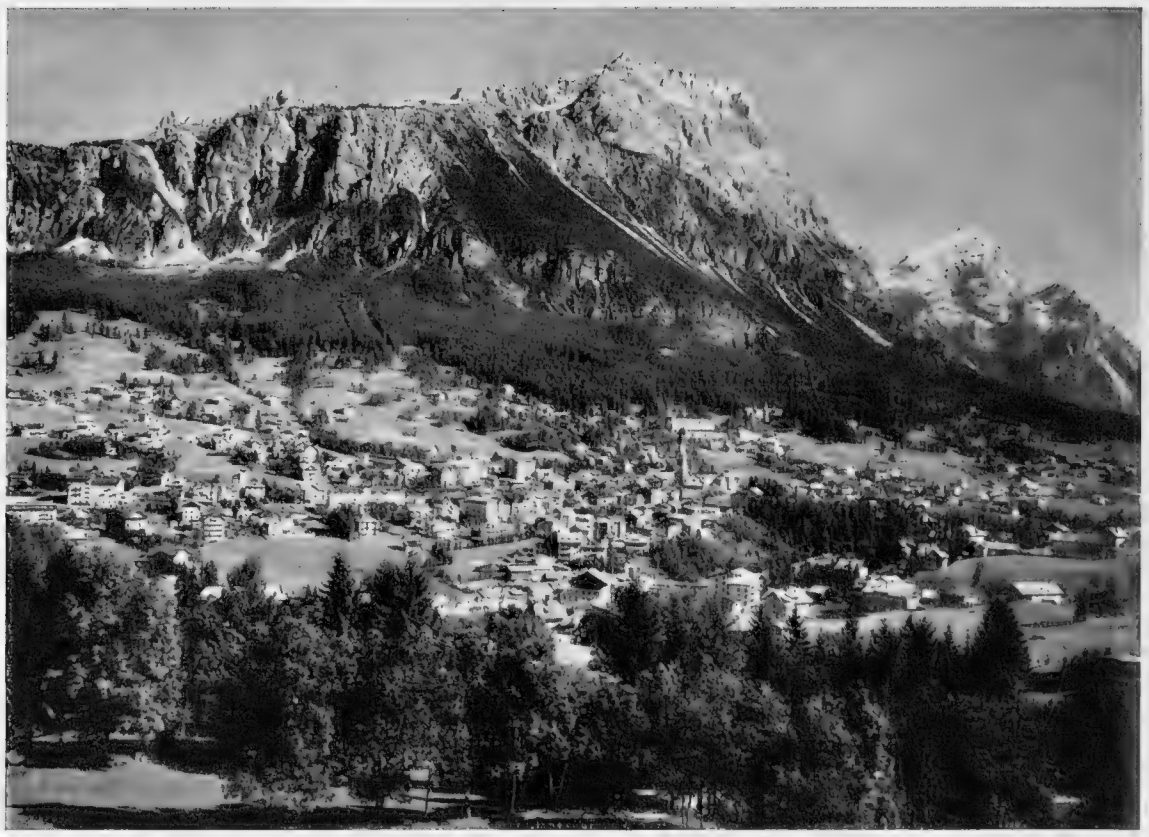
Wherever there is a prosperous casino there are also many other organised attractions. So, for those who seek a lively centre, St.-Vincent is to be recommended, not least because the Park Hotel there is famed for its cuisine and its comfort, while its terms are reasonable. Then, the valley itself, including its branch valleys, is outstanding for scenic variety. Here you will find a combination which will appeal to the antiquarian, the artist, the winter-sports enthusiast, and the summer walker and climber. Some of the highest peaks of the Alps, such as Mont Blanc, Monte Rosa, Monte Cervino (Matterhorn) and the Gran Paradiso, lie in this region; in Aosta, the capital, are several wonderful Roman remains; and there are scores of medieval castles.

Altogether there are some fifty resorts dotted about the Aosta Valley, Couramayeur, at the foot of Mont Blanc, and St.-Vincent being the most important. Of the smaller resorts, I like the two Gressoneys (where you see the loveliest traditional costumes), Valtournanche, Cogne, in the Gran Paradiso, and Brusson and Ayas, both in the Valley of Ayas. Then, from Cervinia, a rather unplanned village but a superb ski-ing centre, you can ascend by Europe's highest cableway and at its summit obtain a superb view of the Matterhorn, which is surely the most haunting of all our mountains. Another magnificent mountain panorama unfolds itself when you make the cableway climb from Couramayeur.

To the south, in Piedmont, there are also several lovely valleys which mostly run westwards from the fertile plains into the Alps. The only resorts of importance are Bardonecchia, Claviere and Sestriere, all lying fairly close to one another. But for those who wish to get off the beaten track, I would recommend Limone (Hotel Principe) and Balme (Hotel Pinete). Then, for those with historical interests, there are the Waldensian valleys (Vaudoises), where you will find, living in perfect happiness, those well-known Protestant communities, who on several occasions in the past were cruelly persecuted and who inspired one of Milton's most famous sonnets. These people still lead simple lives, and at Bobbio Pellice, one of their villages, I saw recently Cromwell's Wall, a dam built with money sent out to them by this English ruler. Near-by Torre Pellice is perhaps the best centre in which to lodge.

Piedmont is not endowed with many historical towns and monuments, but not far from Turin, and reached by trolley-bus, is Chieri, with several notable churches; and twelve miles farther on is the Abbey of Vezzolano, an exquisite building and of the greatest interest from the archæological point of view. The most fascinating medieval place, however, is the town of Asti, notable for its towers, its cathedral and a glorious twelfth-century baptistry, one of the most important Romanesque monuments in Italy.

To quite a number of experienced holiday-makers, the Dolomites offer the most remarkable mountain scenery in Europe. The mountains there, in fact, are quite different from any others on earth. The unique columns of magnesium sandstone, great towers of pinkish-grey rock, spring dramatically from green valleys and pastures. No two are alike, and each vies with the other in beauty and fantasy of colour and of form. This is the rock-climber's country *par excellence*, but it is not merely a countryside for the specialist.



CORTINA D'AMPEZZO, A FAMED SUMMER RESORT AND AN INTERNATIONAL WINTER-SPORTS STATION: Cortina is only a morning's journey from Venice. It is situated at the foot of Mount Faloria. A host of climbing and walking excursions are available, and there are, indeed, no fewer than eighty-four marked mountain paths.

There is much to appeal to the ordinary tourist. It is splendid walking country, well supplied with marked tracks. And, for the motorist, there is a network of excellent roads and they generally keep him closer to the mountains than do the roads elsewhere in the mountain chain. Special mention should be made of the regular motor-coach services run by the Societa Automobilistica Dolomiti ("S.A.D."), and these visit various most rewarding viewpoints and traverse all the high passes. These coaches, I might add, are as comfortable as any in Europe, and the men who drive them are unequalled in careful skill.

When I think of places at which to stay in the Dolomites I am faced with a dilemma, for there are so many that I like. Merano, Bolzano, Cortina are not only the best-known and the largest of the resorts, but they also fully merit their popularity. All of them are well supplied with hotels to suit every purse.

Not far from Cortina is the little lake of Misurina, a lovely spot, although somewhat marred by the three large buildings on its shores. I prefer, in fact, the more isolated lake of Braies, where the one large hotel is not too conspicuous, and then the spot itself is not so nearly cluttered up with day excursionists as is Misurina.

A quite strenuous centre for the walker is Canazei, nearly 5,000 ft. above sea-level, lying close to the famous Dolomites road. From this centre, well equipped with hotels, there are some splendid walks, including those to the Vaiolet Towers, perhaps the strangest, certainly the most famous, of all the Dolomite pinnacles, and up the Aviso Valley to see Monte Marmolada, highest of all the Dolomites and possessing a great glacier, to the edge of which you can ascend by one of the longest ski-lifts in Europe.

The Val Gardena is another favourite district, with small towns or villages, such as Ortisei, Santa Christina, Selva Gardena and Plan as beautifully situated centres. Yet, for myself, I would take the cable railway from Ortisei up to the Alpe di Siusi, the loveliest of all spots, a paradise for the flower lover in June, and an excellent area for walks. Here are dotted several attractive privately-owned refuges, where you can lead the simple life, comfortably and cheaply.

Or, again, I might cross the Gardena Pass to stay in either Colfosco or Corvara, where the villagers speak a peculiar language of their own, known as Ladin—rather similar to the Romansch tongue in the Grisons of Switzerland—and there is even a small weekly newspaper, *Nos Ladins*, which it is interesting to try and decipher.

I can but briefly mention, farther north, such delightful old towns as Brunico, Vipiteno and Bressanone, all of which tempt me to return. For in all of them you are in a typical Tyrolean atmosphere, with all that this means in the way of friendly living; and it is, indeed, the friendliness of the people in every part of the Dolomites which contributes so much to the satisfaction to be derived from holidaying there.

Trieste, one of Europe's problem cities, is too much like Liverpool to have much attraction for the tourist, although it does possess a number of interesting historical buildings. Not far distant, however, in this Free Territory, there are the two pleasant small seaside resorts of Grignano and Sistiana. The former lies beside a lonely little inlet surrounded by a high green coast reflected in the waters, with vast stretches of dark thicket in the park of Miramare Castle crowning the south side of the bay; while the latter is set in a little bay, enclosed in an amphitheatre of quiet uplands. Both places have bathing facilities, and they will suit those who seek a quiet, peaceful place, with a mild climate. A few miles farther on is Grado, a large and luxurious bathing resort with a magnificent beach, but perhaps more suited to Italian visitors than to foreigners.

Concerning Yugoslavia, I must be brief. Owing to the popularity of this country for holidays, the demands of tourists have rather outrun available hotel facilities. I should point out, therefore, that anyone contemplating a visit there would do well to make their arrangements through some well-established travel agency, otherwise, unless they happen to be one of the indomitable kind of travellers, they may possible be disappointed with their living conditions.

Tourist Yugoslavia is based almost entirely on a strip down the coast—very lovely and in many ways unusual—but well known because of its accessibility by steamer. Once inland the mountainous nature of the country and its influence on communications are realised. In the interior, the Julian Alps and Bosnia suggest themselves for pioneering holidays. and, provided you are able and willing to engage in some hard walking, I can think of no better plan than that you join one of the organised tours arranged by the Ramblers' Association Services, 48, Park Road, Baker Street, London. This body knows the "ropes," and thus can normally ensure that you will not fall into the kind of pitfalls which befall those who wander in a land where English is very seldom spoken or understood.

Gordon Cooper

YUGOSLAVIA'S INLAND RESORT: Bled, situated round a lake in the Slovenian mountains near the Austrian border, is the summer residence of the Yugoslav Government and the Diplomatic Corps. It offers excellent swimming and walking, chamois-hunting and good motoring roads.

THE RETURN OF THE MEN FROM EVEREST

London Greets the Conquerors of the 1953 Expedition, and the Tensing Family Receive a Special Welcome

TENSING COMES TO LONDON: Sherpa Tensing Norkey who, with Edmund Hillary, reached the summit of Everest, addresses a meeting at the headquarters of the Royal Geographical Society in Kensington Gore, following his arrival at London Airport with other members of the 1953 expedition. There was a rousing welcome for Colonel John Hunt and the eleven climbers when they arrived at the Airport. They were greeted by representatives of the Government, members of their families, the High Commissioner for New Zealand (Hillary and Lowe being natives of that Country), the High Commissioner for India and the Nepalese Ambassador. Several men carried umbrellas as a souvenir of their climb, as it appeared that all members of the expedition carried umbrellas up to 13,000 ft.

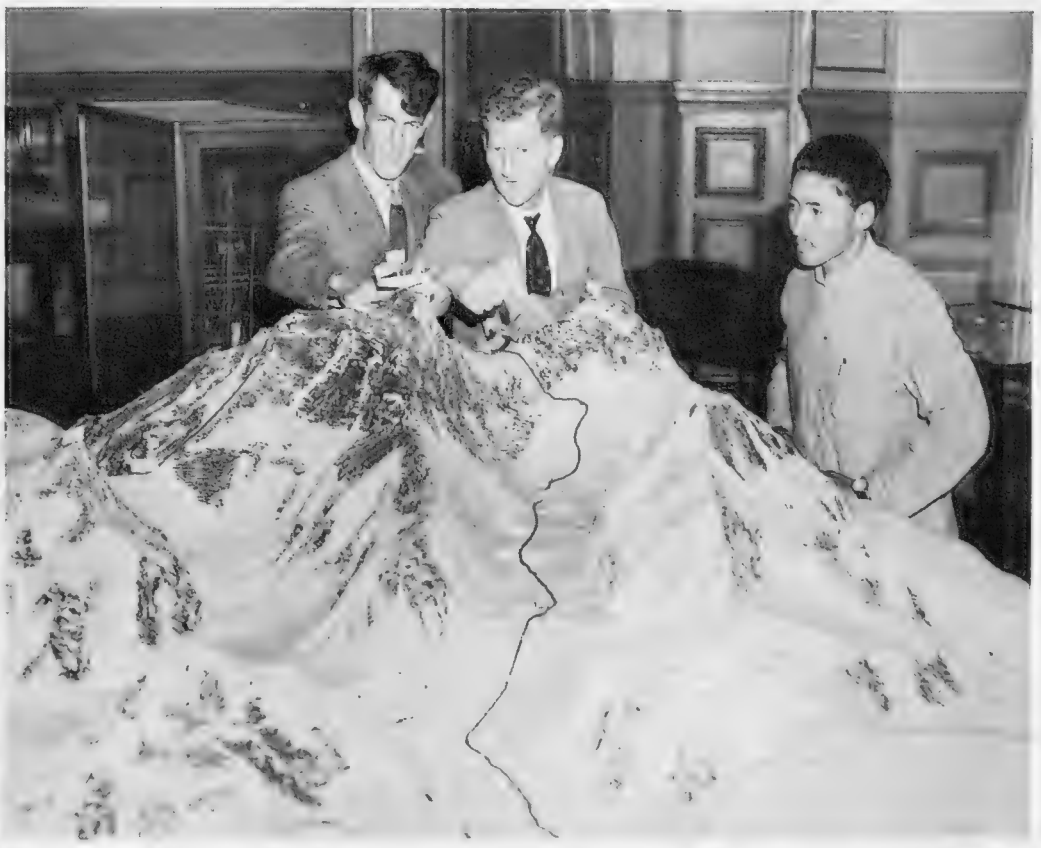
THE TENSING FAMILY WAVE A GREETING: The Sherpa, who is seen wearing a watch on each wrist, stands with his wife and two daughters during the reception at London Airport. The daughters wore long blue dresses over pink blouses, while their mother had a blue gown with a vividly striped apron. Tensing Norkey had a loose khaki shirt, of home-spun material, and grey slacks.

On left—

MAJOR C. G. WYLIE IS GREETED BY HIS WIFE AND FAMILY: The three children are Ian (eight weeks old), Hugh (twenty-two months) and Allison (three years). News of the birth of the youngest child was telegraphed to Wylie on Everest.

THE MAN WHO LED THE SUPPORT GROUP OF THREE SHERPAS FOR HILLARY AND TENSING: Alfred Gregory, managing director of a Blackpool travel agency, seen with his French-born wife.

THE TENSING FAMILY WRITE HOME: The Sherpa, his wife and two daughters are staying at the Indian Services Club in London. Owing to the sickness of Pem-Pem, the elder daughter, the family were unable to make an early tour of London.



THE CO-CONQUERORS OF EVEREST SHOW THEIR LEADER THE ROUTE THEY TOOK TO THE SUMMIT: They are using a model of the mountain range set up at the headquarters of the Royal Geographical Society during the Press Conference. Asked who reached the summit first, Colonel Hunt replied: "To anyone who climbs mountains, the question could not matter less. You get to the top of a difficult mountain only as a result of climbing with other companions. It is the work of a team."

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

VARIETY FOR HOLIDAY READING

The Height of Summer Brings Out a Rich and Varied Assortment of New Volumes

THE height of summer and—judging by the present influx—the height of the publishing season! In any case, there is this week as admirable a variety in settings, themes, styles and methods as in any collection of books you are likely to find. The biographies first: SAMUEL BUTLER (Cohen and West. 18s.) is a study of that remarkable writer by Mr. Philip Henderson, and is all the more welcome because so little has been written about the man whose range embraced not only the writing of *Erehwon* and *The Way of All Flesh*, but the rendering of the Iliad into English prose, photography, painting, scientific study, musical composition and some unforgettable poetry. As Mr. Henderson shows in his perceptive analysis, Butler was a man of many, many facets; a man capable of writing the lines:

"*Yet meet we shall, and part, and meet again,*
Where dead men meet, on lips of living men,"

and of noting with some exactitude the price (2s. 9d.) of a pair of woollen knee-warmers.

THE STORY OF AXEL MUNTHE (John Murray. 18s.) is not intended as a definitive biography, but as an episodic book covering some of the aspects of his life and career, and written by his cousin, Dr. Gustaf Munthe, and his friend, Baroness Gudrun Uexkull. The translations from the Swedish and the German have been made by his son, Mr. Malcolm Munthe, and Lord Sudley. Any book designed in this way must tend to be rather scrappy, and this one is no exception, but it does give some vivid impressions of an extraordinary person, world-famous and yet a recluse, who died at the age of ninety-one in his king's palace.

Miss Ellen Hart's biography of Henry Dunant, MAN BORN TO LIVE (Gollancz. 22s. 6d.), is, by contrast, as complete and definitive a study as could be projected of the founder of the Red Cross, to whom the Princess Royal, as Commandant-in-Chief of the British Red Cross Society, pays her tribute in a preface. Dunant, as we know now, was the originator of a truly great idea, but in his lifetime he knew opposition and poverty, and he was a man who had his own weaknesses. All this, and the eventual triumph of his plans, is expressed in Miss Hart's long and meticulously annotated biography.

A WANDERER IN THE WIND (Hutchinson. 21s.) is described as the Odyssey of an animal collector, and this it is in what our friends would call a big way. Mr. Cecil S. Webb, who is now Superintendent of the Dublin Zoo, has been collecting rare birds and animals all over the world for the past thirty years, and his story, told with a combination of technical exactness and easy good humour, is a really fascinating one. As for the scores of photographs and drawings they are really first-rate, and the snapshot of the basking hippos, looking strangely like Giles' characters, is worth the price of the book alone.

Mr. George Odgers writes of the part the Australian 77th Squadron has been playing in the Korean air war, and in his book, ACROSS THE PARALLEL (Heinemann. 21s.), shows how they flew with the United States Air Force in close and successful co-operation and, re-equipped with British Meteor twin jets, have been tackling the Russian MiG fighters in air dog-fights at incredible speeds.

About three-quarters of this week's novels deal with what was known long, long ago as Foreign parts. California, for a start, and Miss Vicki Baum's story of a young Italian healer visiting a war comrade and discovering as fancy a collection of neurotic cases as any analyst's notebook ever contained. It is a relief to learn that the saintly but otherwise normal young man survives to return to his native village. THE MUSTARD SEED (Michael Joseph. 12s. 6d.) is, by and large, disappointing.

INTERMISSION (Heinemann. 12s. 6d.) shows another aspect of the American scene in California and New York and New Jersey. The author, Mr. Calvin Tomkins, is a young man and writes like one, which is not surprising. In time he may find a better theme than the doings of this group of rather silly people, but in the meantime he has at least shown that he has a certain sensibility.

RE-THATCHING A SUFFOLK CHURCH: Men at work on the roof of Ringspell Church, one of the few thatched churches in England. The task was last carried out seventy years ago, when the church was thatched and lengthened.

FAR FROM THE CUSTOMARY SKIES, by Warren Eyster (Wingate. 12s. 6d.), is an American novel which is claimed to be the naval counterpart of *The Naked and the Dead*. That in itself was no recommendation to me, but this story of the Pacific War at sea is tough, virile and not too extravagant in its terms.

To Kashmir with Miss Rumer Godden's enchanting novel, KINGFISHERS CATCH FIRE (Macmillan. 12s. 6d.), which I recommend to you for the clarity and simplicity of the style, and the profound and tender understanding with which the author writes of a young English widow and her two children, living in a tumbledown house on a mountainside many miles from western civilisation, and learning week by week to comprehend and accept the Indian life around them.

THE VERMILION BOAT (Michael Joseph. 18s.) is another book which reflects the writer's love for India, this time the natal country. Dr. Sudhin N. Ghose writes a sequel to his earlier books about his childhood in the Bengal countryside, and again agreeably bewilders the reader with his excursions from myth to reality and back again. By this time the boy is a student in Calcutta, and he is shown with his fellow-students and in the throes of his first love affair. Again, all is charm and delicacy and, from time to time, fable rather than fiction.

Miss Doris Lessing, following up the brilliant promise of her first three books, has written FIVE SHORT NOVELS (Michael Joseph. 12s. 6d.), which could as well have been called tales, since their scope and shape is rather that. In four of them, and they are the best, Africa is again the scene, and particularly an unnamed British territory to the north of the Union of South Africa. Miss Lessing's power of evocation, and her exquisite sense of the right, the almost inevitable word is as fresh as ever and make of these stories a serious contribution to letters.

LOCUSTS AND WILD HONEY (James Barrie. 12s. 6d.) is a novel of South Africa by a new writer, Joyce Collin-Smith, who has evidently learned much about the Union's history and retails it now in the form of a romantic and adventurous story, from the Boer point of view. The style is uneven and possibly unpractised, but it has the unmistakable stamp of sincerity and that, as always, I find disarming.

Budapest in the spring of 1941 is the scene of Miss Ann Bridge's novel, A PLACE TO STAND (Chatto and Windus. 12s. 6d.), and very expertly has the writer conveyed some of the special quality of that old and new city, and the tension at the time of the Germans' first arrival. The brave and pretty young American heroine is perhaps a tiny little bit too good to be true, and the solutions to her Polish beau's difficulties a little too facile, but it is all immensely readable, and the author's sense of place as faultless as ever.

THE WANDERING EYE (Collins. 12s. 6d.) takes Mr. Hugh Massingham's hero to a French village which the gentleman, rich, spoilt and amorous, chooses to revisit after many years. The result, as seen and expressed with more irony than compassion, is highly amusing and lively.

In Florence in the '20's there was, Signor Aldo Palazzeschi tells us, a source of exquisite lingerie and that was a couple of Italian sisters, who made a fortune with their handiwork and lost it all through the caprices of their dashing young nephew. MATERASSI SISTERS (Secker and Warburg. 15s.) is an infinitely funny novel which was first published nearly thirty years ago, and is now brought to England for our delight, and translated by Mr. Angus Davidson.

CROWN AND ANCHOR (Cassell. 10s. 6d.) has an Italian background too, but only as the stage for some lusty, last war adventures by a group of British and American deserters. Mr. Samuel Youd wields a fairly hefty punch and, like all kinds of punches, it is apt to leave the recipient dizzy.

THE HUNTED WOMAN (Hodder and Stoughton. 10s. 6d.) of Miss Martha Albrand's story is a slight misnomer, since the quarry in this adventure story is, in fact, a little boy, who is in danger of kidnapping to aid some international hocus-pocus. Slickly written, but about as convincing as a travel folder.

Mr. J. H. B. Peel is a writer who swings, in his new novel THE YOUNG RECTOR (Arthur Barker. 12s. 6d.), so briskly between the romantic and the realistic that there are moments when the cynical might hesitate on the brink of laughter. That, however, would be, in the unbeatable schoolboy idiom, jolly unfair, for the sincerity of Mr. Peel's writing is far from a joke.

THE DYNAMITE FACTORY (William Kimber. 12s. 6d.) takes the reader, more or less willingly, to such a site on the Franco-Belgian border, and there more or less makes his flesh creep with Mr. Maxence van der Meerch's story of what can happen to the blessed and the unblessed alike if a single workman makes a single false move.

WINES

An Anthology for the Modern-Day Purchaser, and a Volume for the Would-Be Wine-Maker

It was Professor George Saintsbury who set for a whole generation the style in books on wine with his *Notes on a Cellar Book*. It was a style that suited the more spacious days when men kept extensive cellars and discussed wine with a certain literary fervour, indulging in those deeper enjoyments that accompany the cultivation of a sensitive palate. To-day wine is more widely drunk in England than it was in the days of the good Professor, but the demand has changed. Fine vintages, because of their price, are not so eagerly sought or so carefully preserved for the great occasion by those who buy them, but there is a widespread demand for good table wines, aperitif wines and dessert wines, sound, honest, well-made wines of reasonable maturity and of moderate price. In conformity with this modern-day trend writers on the subject of wine are more down-to-earth in their approach, more strictly factual, and this is reflected in Augustus Muir's anthology, HOW TO CHOOSE AND ENJOY WINE (Odhams. 8s. 6d.), a collection of articles by experts and connoisseurs and designed for the reader without wide experience in the subject of wine-buying. This is a really admirable volume and not least in importance is John Burgoyne's chapter on South African and Australian wines, in which he pays tribute to the freshness of flavour of many of the lighter white wines of the Cape and the robustness of the red wines of Australia. Andre L. Simon, one of our foremost writers on wines, contributes a chapter on Champagne, H. Warner Allen writes on Burgundy, and the volume concludes with an excellent dictionary of wine terms. A companion volume of no less utility and excellence is Mary Aylett's COUNTRY WINES (Odhams. 8s. 6d.), in which she deals at some length with the age-old and rural art of wine-making, describing some of the more remarkable recipes she has encountered in her researches, and showing how in an ordinary kitchen, with simple equipment and using fruit or vegetables that can be easily grown or readily bought, the housewife can make her own beer, cider, perry, plum port, mead and gooseberry champagne. Two recipes the author withholds are those for mushroom wine, which is evidently much beloved of the Kamschatkans; also the liquor made by these same people from the poisonous *Amanita muscaria*, which causes a state of intoxication beyond anything known to ordinary drinkers, leaving its addicts unconscious for days and reduced to a most degraded condition. Birch beer, a favourite of Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort, and spruce beer, much drunk in Canada and Scandinavia, offer milder recipes with an obvious attraction.

British holidaymakers, faced with currency restrictions, have a habit of devoting much of their holiday to the discussion of finance, on how to get by with so much and still contrive to have an enjoyable time. Cedric Salter, an ardent traveller himself, realises these problems well enough, and in his book, INTRODUCING SPAIN (Methuen. 18s.), he has some very useful suggestions to offer regarding how to set about making the most of a Spanish holiday. One piece of advice is do not travel third-class in trains unless you have an aptitude for self-martyrdom, because the wise traveller can buy a *kilometrico* ticket and go second-class for the price he would have paid for third-class. Mr. Salter's book is packed with sensible suggestions of this kind. He tells us all about hotel prices, about meal-times and ordering meals, about the wine of the country, and about behaviour generally in this antique land, mentioning also the sights and scenes which should not be missed.

Here is a story of three men in a boat, and a girl, who spent ten months together on a 15,000-mile voyage from Australia to England. Philip Davenport, one of the voyagers, writes the narrative and he calls it THE VOYAGE OF WALTZING MATILDA (Hutchinson. 16s.). From New Zealand the *Waltzing Matilda* buffeted her way 5,000 miles through the Roaring Forties to the South Pacific without sighting land or ships until the Chilean coast was reached. Then came the greatest part of their adventure, when the four voyagers explored the desolate, little-known Patagonian channels, bartering with Indian seal hunters for food and finding what they thought was a fortune in ambergris. After many adventures, *Waltzing Matilda* made landfall in England. Her owners, after a temporary sojourn in the Thames, found a winter mooring for *Waltzing Matilda* on the Medway, and there, as the author says, "we have a gangplank to the shore and tradesmen call at the door."

Captain Alfred A. Vogel is one of the latest travellers to visit the hinterland of New Guinea, and in PAPUANS AND PYGMIES (Arthur Barker. 16s.) he describes a six-weeks march through the mountains to the Jimmi River and his sojourn in the pygmy country. Captain Vogel has brought back some really splendid photographs.

Raymond Chandler, whom Priestley has called the best American detective-story writer in the "tough and tense" tradition, now has a formidable following. His readers are sure to give a great welcome to THE RAYMOND CHANDLER OMNIBUS (Hamish Hamilton. 15s.).

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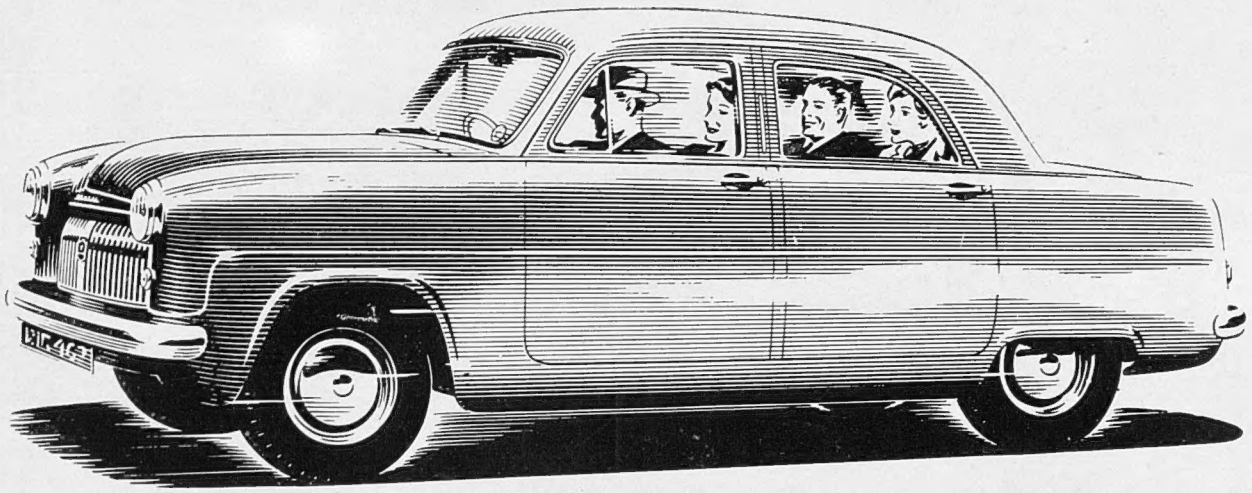

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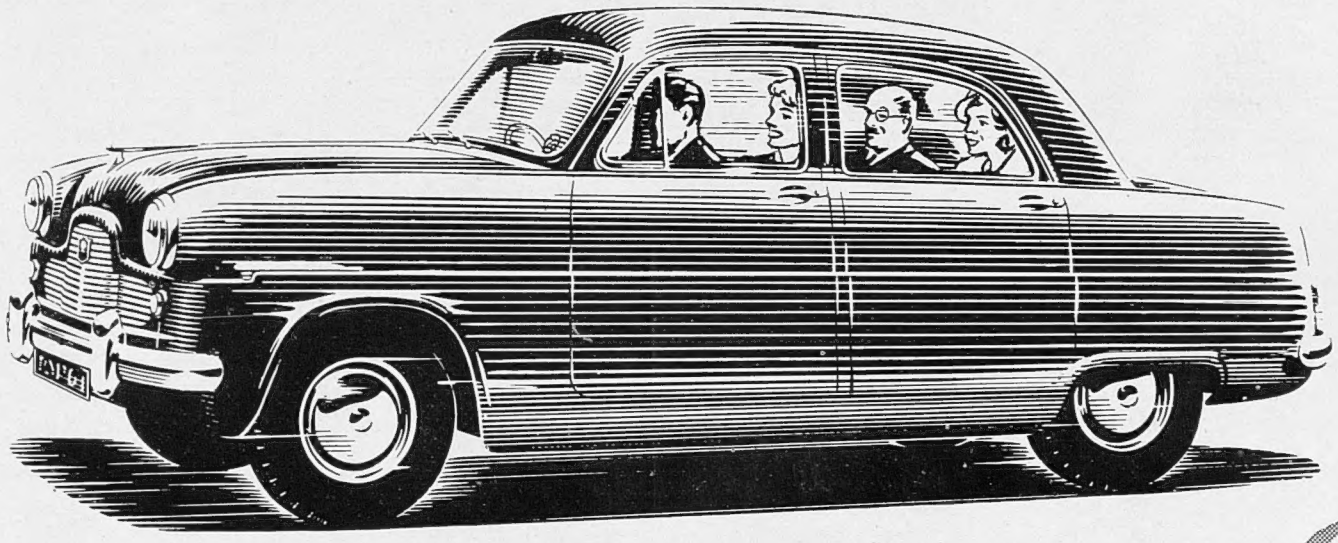

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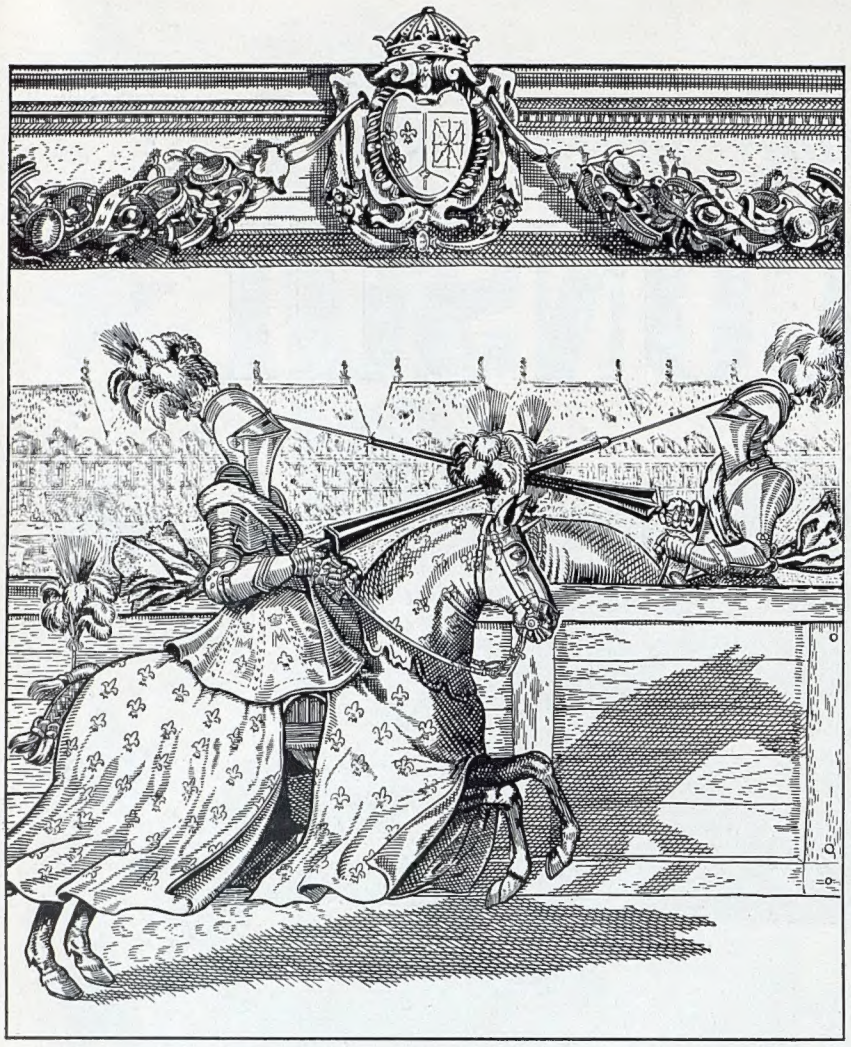

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THESE are the original Arms of the Company of Scriveners of the City of London granted in 1654. The Company was incorporated by Royal Charter in 1617, although it had existed as a Fraternity for centuries before that. In Guildhall Library there is the Common Paper of the Scriveners for the years 1357-1627, but it almost certainly existed before 1357. During the 17th Century the Livery Companies of the City of London began to wane, and the Scriveners Company was hard hit by the spread of printing. From 1627 onwards the records are fragmentary, but the Company survives to this day.

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